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# THE ROTARIAN

The Magazine of Service



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December  
1926



# The Temple Tours

## Parties of Rotarians Travelling in Europe after the Convention

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### Tour One

Brussels	Interlaken
Paris	Berne
Zurich	Geneva
Lucerne	

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Paris	Oxford
London	Shakespeare Country
Edinburgh	English Lakes

21 days, \$410

### Tour Five

Brussels	Geneva
The Hague	Munich
Amsterdam	Berne
Rhine	Interlaken
Berlin	Paris
Dresden	London
Nuremberg	
Motor Through	Shakespeare
Country	

35 days, \$685

### Tour Seven

Brussels	Zurich
Paris	Heidelberg
Avignon	Rhine
Genoa	Hague
Rome	Amsterdam
Monte Carlo	Glasgow
Florence	Edinburgh
Venice	London
Milan	Trossachs
Lucerne	English Lakes
Interlaken	Shakespeare
Geneva	Country

49 days, \$955



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### Tour Two

Brussels	Interlaken
Rhine	Paris
Berne	London
Geneva	

14 days, \$210

### Tour Four

Brussels	Munich
The Hague	Zurich
Amsterdam	Lucerne
Berlin	Paris
Dresden	London
Nuremberg	

21 days, \$315

### Tour Six

Brussels	Florence
Strasbourg	Rome
Lucerne	Genoa
Interlaken	Monte Carlo
Milan	Paris
Venice	London
Motor Through	Shakespeare
Country	

35 days, \$525

### Tour Eight

Brussels	Lucerne
Paris	Heidelberg
Avignon	Rhine
Monte Carlo	Hague
Genoa	Amsterdam
Rome	Glasgow
Naples	Edinburgh
Florence	London
Venice	Trossachs
Milan	English Lakes
Interlaken	Shakespeare
	Country

49 days, \$735

### Tour Nine

Brussels	Lucerne	Budapest	Berlin	Edinburgh	Ayr
Paris	Zurich	Vienna	The Hague	London	Trossachs
Geneva	Munich	Prague	Amsterdam	Glasgow	English Lakes
Interlaken	Nuremberg	Dresden			Shakespeare Country

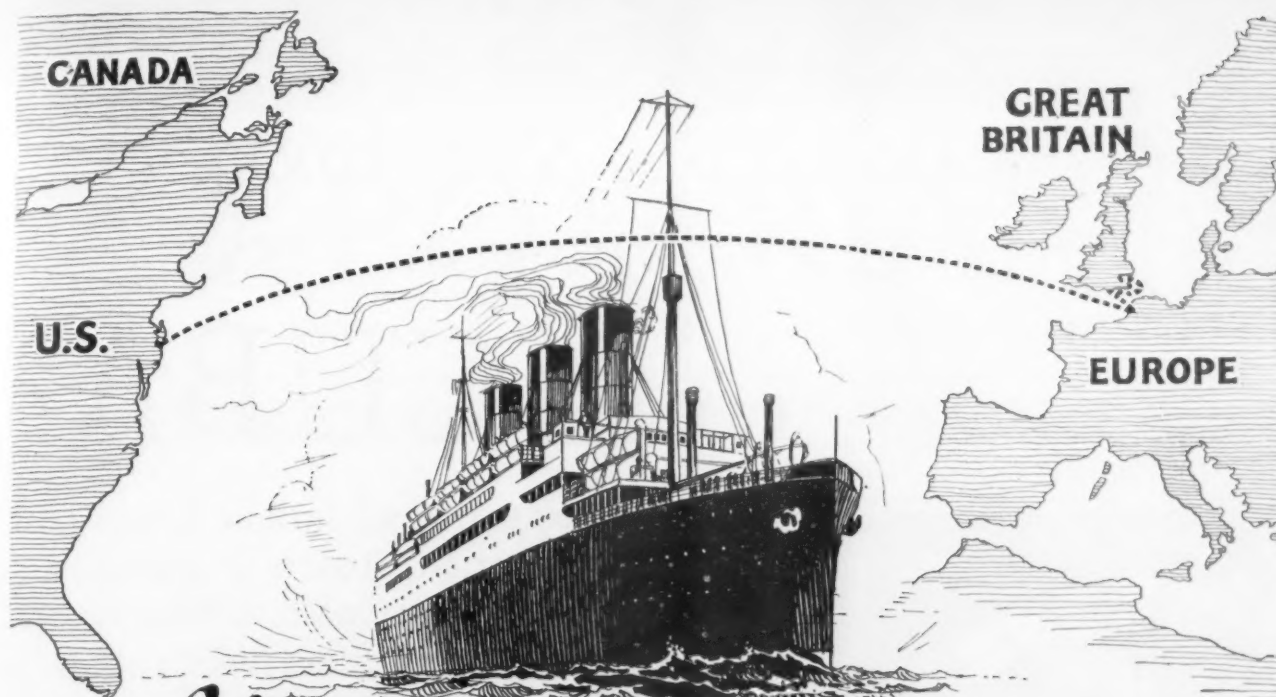
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*June 5<sup>th</sup> to June 10, 1927*

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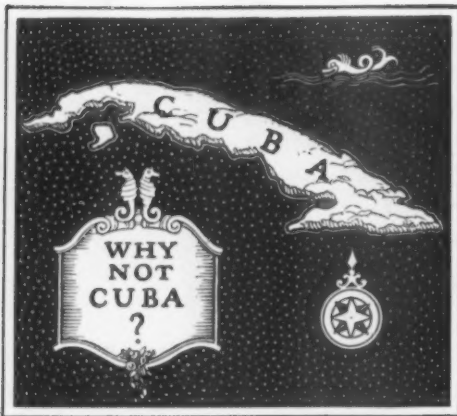
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*12-12-1927*

# The ROTARIAN

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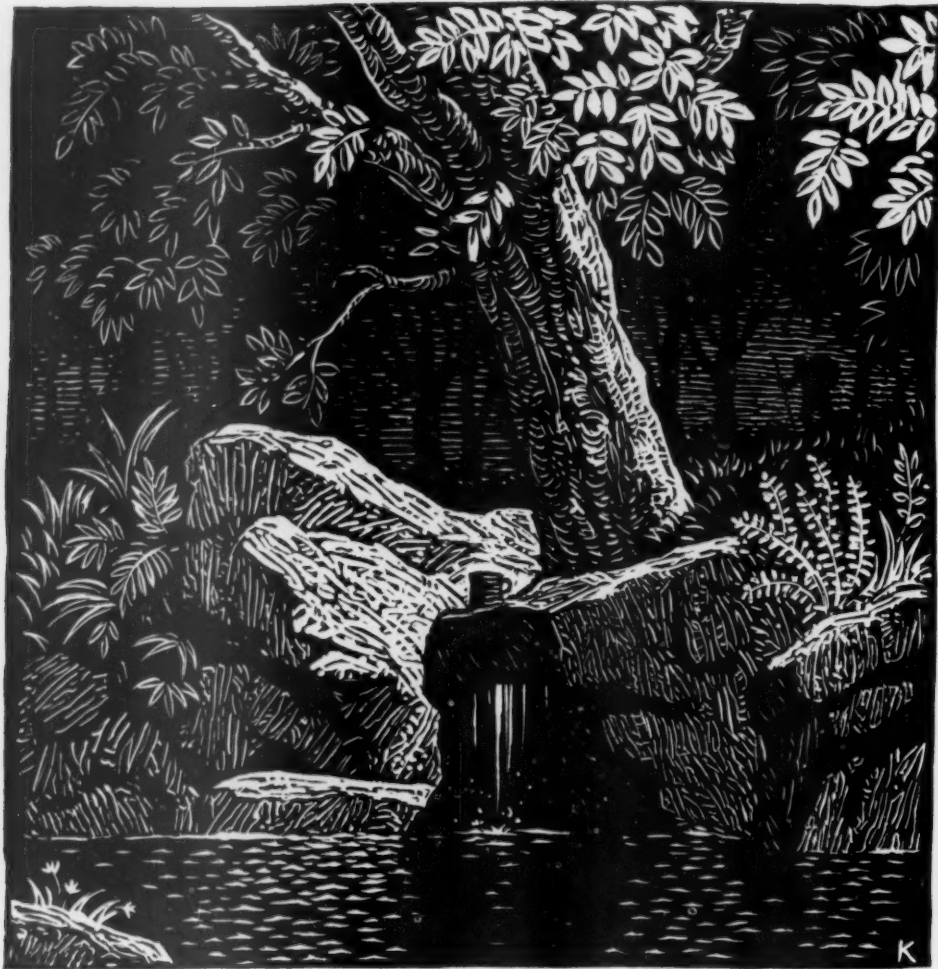
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## THE CUP BESIDE THE SPRING

*By* DOUGLAS MALLOCH

LEAVE by the road a rose,  
A goblet by the spring,  
For every pilgrim knows  
That every path he goes  
Will other pilgrims bring—  
And some, perhaps, a rose will need,  
A cooling cup, a kindly deed.

Leave by the spring a glass,  
A rose by the road,  
For other pilgrims pass,  
Yes, many a lad and lass  
Grown weary with life's load,  
Who need the roses still to find,  
A cup to tell them men are kind.

Leave by the road of years  
Your roses all along,  
Some memory that cheers  
In someone's time of tears,  
For times when things go wrong—  
Yes, in your happier moments leave  
A cup, a rose, for those who grieve.

Some little rock remove,  
Some crooked path make straight—  
Some little act to prove  
That there are those who love  
As there are those who hate,  
That someone thought to leave a cup,  
A rose to cheer, a place to sup.

Leave something day by day  
By every road you tread,  
That other souls may say,  
"A friend has passed this way,  
Yes, someone walks ahead  
Who on the purple heights will stand  
And give us hail, and give us hand."

Gather the gold you will,  
But leave the rose to gleam,  
A staff below the hill,  
A log across the rill,  
A goblet by the stream—  
For God will think your richest thing  
The cup you left beside the spring.

# *This Month's Editorial*

## *"Good Will"*



AS THE Yuletide season approaches, bitterness and hatred vanish and we are thinking of the happiness and comfort of those dear to us.

What can we say to the mother who bore us that will bring a smile of joy and satisfaction because of her gift to the world? To the father who by his labor and judgment earned enough to support and educate us and who gave us a name untarnished? What to the wife who shares our joys and sorrows, our successes and our failures? What to the sons and daughters who constitute our contribution to the world, that will make them worthy members of society? What to the friends who surround us and who have had so much to do with our success and who can always be depended upon to lend a helping hand?

Our hearts are so full of love for our relatives and friends that there is no room for malice or pessimism.

The sending of Christmas and New Year greetings, good wishes and presents will warm the cockles of your heart and cause you to visualize once again the great wealth you possess in your friends and loved ones.

Would that the spirit of the season might become perennial. Then we would realize one of the three things set forth in the Sixth Object of Rotary—good will, good will to the people of every nation.

Rotary pleads for a toleration of the peculiarities of the other fellow's way of doing things, for appreciation of those qualities of the other fellow that are fine, and for that spirit of cooperation which is a logical sequence of toleration and appreciation. These three essentials make possible a neighborly community. Expanded and developed they will make possible a peaceful world of neighborly nations. If we have "good will toward men" of every nation we can confidently look forward to "Peace on Earth."

As Rotarians let us continue to spread the gospel of good will.

*Dwight D. Rogers*

*President, Rotary International.*





# What Price Sport?

*By An International Athlete*

*Decorations by H. Weston Taylor*

**T**HE SUN was setting behind the clubhouse of the historic golf course of Lytham and St. Annes near Manchester, England, one sunny day last June, when the vast crowd gathered before the porch watching the toiling players come up the slope to the last hole, suddenly gave a spontaneous and hearty British cheer. Nothing very unusual about that. The unusual thing was that they were cheering a stranger, a foreigner, an American. Yes, they were cheering an American for winning a British open golf championship.

Needless to say they were not rushing about him, they were not pushing near him to shake his hand and slap his back because of his nationality. Not at all. They were cheering Bobby Jones for who he was and not for what he was; a subtle distinction but a true one. They were cheering him because sport has no petty partisanship; because sport is bigger by far than boundaries or countries. They probably would have cheered almost as loudly and as lustily had he been a Turk or an Abyssinian.

Here was a stranger totally unused to British golfing conditions; to the stiffish breeze blowing across the course, to the narrow fairways with their dangerous hazards, the peculiar greens of heavy lush turf. And yet in spite of these handicaps this young man from across the ocean was accomplishing the impossible; an amateur, he was winning a British open championship, something no amateur

golfer British or foreign had done for thirty years. And this smiling, good-natured modest chap was an American. To the thousands who thronged the course at St. Annes that afternoon he represented the United States—young America; to many millions of readers of British dailies from Cornwall to the Orkneys he became a real, a living personality in the space of a few hours. I wish you could have mingled as I did that afternoon in that typically British crowd, among those broad-faced, ruddy-cheeked men, and heard their thoughts about Bobby Jones and the United States. No complaints that an Englishman hadn't won; no regrets or remorse that an American was carrying off their championship; the championship of a game which incidentally they taught the entire world. No, nothing of that sort, praise only for the winner.

"No more modest or generous golfer ever won a British title."

"No champion could be more popular."

These are a few of the things the newspapers said the next morning as Bobby Jones still in his golf trousers left for Southampton and the "Acquintania" which was to bear him homeward, away from the place where the game of golf was born.

Compared to earthquakes, to wars, to battle, murder, and sudden death, golf championships seem small affairs; but only those who were in England at the time have any conception of the in-

fluence this had upon the British public. To say that a single incident of this kind is worth a hundred treaties and sixteen million hands-across-the-sea speeches after stuffy dinners at New York or London or Paris hotels, that is fact and not fiction. Your true sportsman—and he is found in every country in the world, and in every corner of the globe—applauds the sporting deed, the act of sportsmanship from no matter whom it comes. That was why these golfing enthusiasts forgot their nationality in their eagerness to salute the curly blonde head from overseas; to them his golf was superb and his standing as a sportsman was the thing that counted. Who can measure the contribution that was made that afternoon to the advancement of understanding, of goodwill and international peace—the Sixth Object of Rotary—by that cheery sportsman from Atlanta, Georgia, U. S. A.

**O**NE bleak day last winter in company with many thousand French football enthusiasts, I went out to the great Pershing Stadium at Colombes just outside the city of Paris to see the annual French-English football match. Never had a French team defeated England in all the years of their encounters; never had France such a magnificent eleven. Her chance had finally arrived, and those stalwarts with the little Gallic cock on their breasts looked confident and smiling as they trotted out across the field to the

throaty yell of a hundred thousand fanatics in the stands. Your average European football follower is a fan; the French football enthusiast is a fanatic. Against the English team that dismal afternoon French feeling, partisan to a degree, ran high. Because the British lion, dogged as ever, hung on, hung on, hung on. Tense and dour was the struggle, and while the piercing cries from the stands or the low sullen roar of the entire crowd echoed back and forth across the Stadium, the half ended in a scoreless tie.

The second half began. The French team was stunned, amazed, disappointed at the unexpected strength of their rivals. Up above, the crowd started to yell for a score; shouting for victory and revenge at last. Feeling—both on the field and in the concrete stadium—was given full expression. And then a dramatic incident suddenly seized us all: players and spectators alike. Running gallantly down the field in an attempt to “head” the ball, an Englishman ran with his face straight into the outstretched boot of a French player. The “smack” of the contact could be heard all over the Stadium. A hush vivid and ominous spread over everything. It was no one’s fault, mind you; it was merely a mistake, an accident, something that had occurred in the play; but there he was prone upon the turf, arms curiously awry, legs strangely stiff and unbent. And as he lay there, the Frenchman leaned over, put his arm about him with all the unaffected and unconscious tenderness of his race, and lifted him up as gently and as tenderly as a woman. The whistle of the umpire shrieked its message of warning, the players of both teams came running, while up in the stands there was a quick, sudden catching of breaths; but it was the man who picked him up who dashed water in his face, who rubbed his wrists, and brought him back to life again. And then helped him, arms under his, head upon his shoulder; helped him slowly to his feet. When a minute later the Englishman kicked up legs ever so slightly, and then jumped up and down to indicate his ability to resume play, there was a yell as loud as any of the afternoon; when the two shook hands out there in the center of the field the noise was deafening, hearty, sincere. In a second that mob which had been a crowd

of jingoistic football followers was changed by one simple act of sportsmanship into a hundred thousand real sportsmen. Their fire, their fury was gone, their rivals were sportsmen, they cared less for winning and more for the game, and it is a fact that as the muddy British team went off between the stands as conquerors at the end of the game, they received applause genial and friendly from a crowd, which although by this time they had forgotten it, had come to see a victory for France.

HOW many disputes would be settled, how many boundary questions solved, how many wars large and small averted if diplomats were obliged to face each other across a tennis net or a golfing green before the first shot, verbal or physical, could be fired. There upon the field of sport is where a man shows his true self; there upon the field of sport French and Germans, English and Americans would be sportsmen all. I have competed in several different sports against Dutch and English, Germans, Italians, Swedes, Russians, French, Danes, Swiss and Americans, and in all honesty I cannot say that one nation or the other hold any monopoly on sportsmen. I have played before stands filled with English, with Americans, and with French, and have found them all equally courteous, equally fair to their own men and to the men far from home. I shall never forget the cheers which rocked the stands at Germantown, Philadelphia, in 1925 when René Lacoste of France left the enclosure after having been five times within a point of defeating Tilden the American champion in the matches for the Davis Cup. Nor the struggle between the same two players last September, when

for the first time the American master went down to defeat in an international contest, after four thrilling sets of tennis. That single afternoon was worth millions of francs worth of publicity and good will to the French nation. Does the French nation realize this? They most certainly do. Not so long ago I was talking with a man who was a cabinet minister in the French government. His official title was not Minister for Sport, although it might well have been; his real title was Secretary of State for Technical Education. And he occupied himself with the question of sport and of physical education for the masses. When I suggested to him that René Lacoste might find it difficult to go to the United States with the French Davis Cup team this summer because of the fact that he was performing his eighteen months’ military service with the colors, the genial Frenchman laughed.

“His military service? Ah, my dear fellow, René Lacoste we consider an ambassador as important as our ambassador in Washington—”

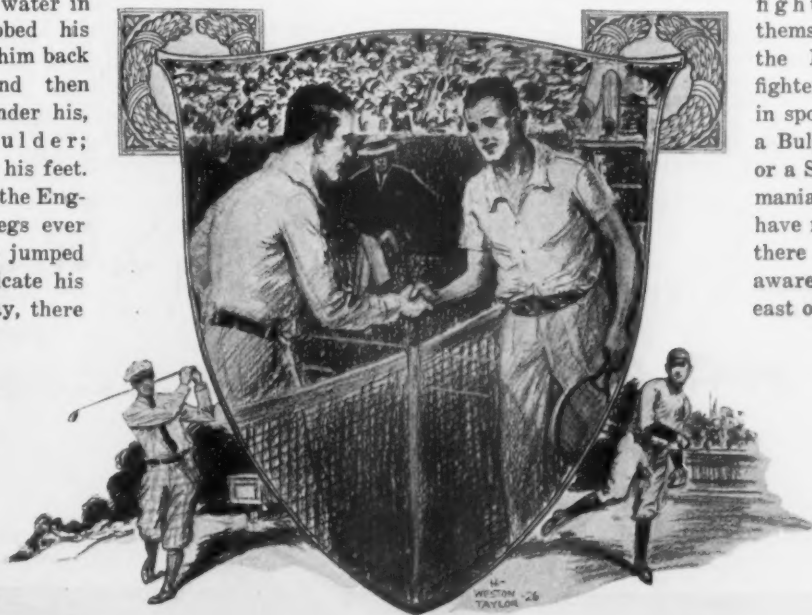
And there in a few words you have what the French think about sport in advancing international relations and understanding between the nations of the world.

Now, did you ever stop to think about sport from an international point of view? If so, you have probably observed a curious thing. The countries which follow sport, the nations which consistently send their sportsmen the world over, they are the nations which somehow manage to keep out of conflict and trouble with the rest of the world more than the others who do not engage in sport. Conversely, those nations which do not engage in international competition upon the track, the river, the links or the tennis court, are

perpetually and everlastingly fighting someone—if only themselves. The nations of the Balkans are notorious fighters. They are backward in sport. Who ever heard of a Bulgarian tennis champion or a Serbian runner? In Rumania baseball, golf, and polo have no appeal at all; indeed there is, so far as I am aware, but one golf course east of Venice. The Balkans

have, and rightly so, been called the “Powder Magazine of Europe.” Sport as sport simply does not appeal to them. In fact such sport as they have still wears a tinge of the middle ages, that period when

(Cont'd on p. 53)



## DIX-HUITIÈME CONGRÈS ANNUEL DU ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

*Appel Officiel*

**ROTARIENS:** Le Conseil d'Administration du Rotary International ayant accepté l'invitation du Rotary Club d'Ostende, Belgique, de tenir le Dix-huitième Congrès annuel du Rotary International dans cette ville, c'est avec un grand plaisir que nous nous conformons aux instructions du Conseil d'Administration et que nous faisons paraître cet Appel Officiel, pour le Congrès qui aura lieu les 5-6-7-8-9 et 10 Juin 1927 au Kursaal d'Ostende.

J'estime qu'il est de mon devoir d'appeler expressément votre attention sur la responsabilité incombant à chaque Rotary club d'envoyer des délégués au Congrès. C'est une obligation que chaque Rotary club assume lorsqu'il devient membre du Rotary International. C'est un devoir auquel il ne peut déroger. Ainsi qu'il est prévu dans les Statuts d'un Rotary club, qu'un Rotarien cesse d'être membre lorsqu'il manque à ses engagements en n'assistant pas aux réunions, ainsi, la Constitution du Rotary International impose une amende pour forfaiture de charte à tout club qui ne s'est pas fait représenter à un Congrès International pendant deux années consécutives, sans une excuse valable pour le Conseil d'Administration.

Ces stipulations de la Constitution Internationale ont été établies pour faire ressortir les responsabilités des Rotariens et des Rotary clubs vis-à-vis de la politique du Rotary International qui ne peut être formulée que par des Rotariens pendant le Congrès et mise à exécution seulement par des fonctionnaires choisis par le Congrès. En conséquence, ces réunions annuelles ne sont pas seulement des sources de camaraderie uù chaque Rotary club

puise les inspirations qui lui sont nécessaires pour continuer le travail dans sa communauté, mais fournissent une fois par an à tout Rotarien et Rotary club, l'occasion de se faire entendre et de prendre une participation directive et positive dans l'administration et le développement futur du Rotary.

Les Rotary clubs ont le droit de se faire représenter au Congrès à raison d'un délégué par vote de cinquante membres ou fraction majeure de ce nombre, comme au 30 Avril. Cela veut dire qu'un Rotary club de soixante-quinze membres ou moins, a le droit d'avoir un délégué; un Rotary club de soixante-seize à cent vingt-cinq membres, deux délégués; un Rotary club de cent vingt-six à cent soixante-quinze membres, trois délégués et ainsi de suite.

Chaque délégué doit être un membre actif du club qu'il représente. Il prouvera son identité et sa qualité par un certificat signé par le président et secrétaire de son club. Tout Rotary club situé dans un pays autre que la Belgique a le droit d'avoir son délégué ou ses délégués à ce Congrès représenté par un mandataire, à condition qu'il soit membre actif d'un club dans le même pays; ou bien, dans le pays où il n'existe qu'un club, par un membre actif de n'importe quel autre pays. Tout mandataire doit être muni d'un certificat signé par le président ou le secrétaire du club qu'il représente.

Chaque Rotarien présent et toute personne l'accompagnant agée de seize ans ou au-dessus, doit se faire inscrire et payer la taxe d'inscription de cinq dollars ou somme équivalente.

Aidez-nous à rendre ce Dix-huitième Congrès Annuel le plus grand événement dans l'histoire du Rotary.

Le 1er Novembre 1926.

Certifié:

*Charles F. Ferry.*

Secrétaire.

*Harry L. Rogers*

Président.





## EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

*Official Call*

**ROTARIANS:** The Board of Directors of Rotary International, having accepted the invitation of the Rotary Club of Ostend, Belgium, to hold the Eighteenth Annual Convention of Rotary International in that city, it is a distinct pleasure to comply with the instructions of the Board and issue this, the Official Call, for the Convention to be held June 5-6-7-8-9 and 10, 1927, in the Kursaal, Ostend.

I deem it my duty to impress on you with all the emphasis in my power the responsibility of each Rotary club to send delegates to the Convention. It is an obligation which every club assumes on being granted membership in Rotary International. It is a duty clubs cannot escape. As the Standard Club Constitution provides for forfeitures of membership in a Rotary club for failure to attend meetings, so does the Constitution of Rotary International impose the penalty of forfeiture of charter for any club failing to be represented at an International Convention two successive years without excuse acceptable to the International Board of Directors.

These provisions of the International Constitution were made to impress on Rotarians and on Rotary clubs their responsibility for the policies of Rotary International, which can only be formulated by Rotarians in convention and can only be carried out by officers chosen by the Convention. These annual meetings therefore are not alone great wells of fellowship from which can be drawn inspiration to carry on the work of each Rotary club in its community, but they provide the one period of the year when the individual Rotarian and Rotary

club have opportunity to make themselves heard and to take a directive and positive part in the administration and further development of Rotary.

Rotary clubs are entitled to delegate representation in the Convention on the basis of one delegate with one vote for each fifty members, or major fraction thereof, as at 30th April. This means that a Rotary club with seventy-five or less members is entitled to one delegate; a Rotary club with seventy-six to one hundred and twenty-five members, two delegates; a Rotary club with one hundred and twenty-six to one hundred and seventy-five members, three delegates, and so on. Each delegate must be an active member of the club he represents. He must be identified by a certificate as to his selection, etc., signed by the president and secretary of his club. Any Rotary club in any country other than Belgium is entitled to have its delegate or delegates to this convention represented by proxy in the person of any active member of a club in the same country; or where there is but one club in a country, by any active member of a club in any other country. A proxy must be identified by a certificate signed by the president and secretary of the club which he represents.

Each Rotarian in attendance and each member of his party, sixteen years of age or over, is required to register and pay a registration fee of five dollars in U. S. currency or its equivalent.

Let us make this Eighteenth Annual Convention the greatest international event in the history of Rotary.

ATTEST:

*Charles R. Ferry.*

Secretary.

*Harry L. Rogers*

President.





## The Forgotten Child

By Tim Thrift

THE PLACE where the Forgotten Child lived was a place of poverty. One reached it through narrow alleyways, along tortuous passages, past noisome courts and areas. Squalor was always everywhere; squalor and neglect. The buildings were grimy, weather-beaten structures crowded one against the other; old hags of tenements, filthy, gloomy, foreboding. The streets thereabouts—if streets they might be called—were roughly paved with blocks of stone, worn into hollows with the daily passage of countless slouching feet. Little puddles of brackish water, half frozen over, lay about, and all around were mounds of dirt and refuse.

It was evening—Christmas Eve—and the night gave promise of an early snow. The street lights, placed at an occasional corner, only intensified the miserable surroundings and made sharper the contrast with the Avenue above. Here, indeed, dwelt the poorest of the poor; the problems of the city; the dregs, the flotsam, the riff-raff of humanity. Through these miserable surroundings—her playground in the summer days—the Forgotten Child dragged her weary feet. All the long afternoon she had followed the crowds before the big stores many blocks away and, with pinched face against the cold glass of the great windows, feasted her eyes on the wonderful dreamland of toys. Even now as she stumbled along she could close her eyes and glimpse that fairyland. Beautiful dollies, with eyes that opened and shut, and long golden hair; little beds where their mammas might put them to sleep; wonderful dishes, with pretty flowers painted on them; real tables and ever so cunning chairs, hats and dresses, and even furs like the rich ladies wore—was there anything lacking! Oh, it all passed before her in a most bewildering array, and with it the sparkle and glitter of Christmas trees, soft lights and such truly make-believe snow.

Santa Claus, too, she had seen. She had even ventured to touch his shaggy fur coat as he passed by her on the street. How her heart had thumped as she did so. She wondered if he had heard her whispered prayer—for a dolly, just a very cheap dolly; one he would never miss surely. Of course, she had little hope that he had heard. Her mamma

had said, only a day ago, that it seemed God had forgotten them—so Santa must have forgotten too.

So she came to the door of one of the most disreputable of the tenements, and, picking her way past a drunken man huddled on its stoop, mounted the narrow, winding flight of stairs that led to "home." At the very top she pushed open the door and entered a room. An oil lamp feebly revealed its interior. The walls were cracked and only a few pieces of battered furniture relieved their barrenness. But, withal, the place was clean. A woman was seated at a table, her hands folded in her lap and her body relaxed with a great weariness. From early morning she had labored for this "home" and the child, and she was very, very tired. To her the Child went, without words. The woman stooped and kissed her and pressed her close, with arms that had a convulsive tremor in them. Later she placed a plate before her—a few scraps of cold meat and a piece of bread. There was nothing more in the house.

Her scanty meal finished, the Child slowly undressed. Her thoughts were long, long thoughts. Dimly she understood the burden of life and through silence strove to share it. When she was quite ready for bed, she timidly placed one stocking across the foot-board—perhaps Santa *would* remember, after all—and then drew the ragged coverlid about her.

\* \* \*

CHRISTMAS DAY dawned bright and clear. Out in the city all was cheer and happiness. Little, remembered children scampered from their soft, white beds and, with laugh and shout, brought forth the treasures of their well-filled stockings. But as the morning light streamed into the face of the Forgotten Child and she slowly opened her eyes, there was no treasure trove to meet their expectancy. Only an empty stocking and a cold and barren room.

\* \* \*

The broken heart of a little child.

And in the city—the thoughtless city—a thousand hearts that might have grown tender with sympathy, had they but known! But in the room the Forgotten Child and an empty stocking!

(Copyright, 1926, by Tim Thrift)

# The Gypsy Look

"And he looked at me, just as if I was some strange animal in a cage, and he said, 'Poor fellow . . . poor fellow.'"



"**M**ARTIN look at the moonlight."

But Martin Draycott was too tired to look at the moonlight. He had been painting the new barn all day, painting it red. He turned his face away from the moonlight, and was soon asleep beside Elsa in their old brass bed, the one he had picked up cheap at an auction when they were first married. It was still good enough, though the quoits on it were loose, and jingled. Martin was always saying he would fix them when he got around to it.

Elsa was tired, too, spent by her day in the hot, little kitchen, putting up string beans; but she did not go to sleep. She lay there beside him, watching the moonlight as it stole across the faded roses on the wall-paper of the cheerless bed-room. Outside the window she could see a corner of the barn, the new red barn Martin was so proud of. Its shadow fell across the counterpane. Gently Elsa slipped from the bed. Her bare feet made no sound on the matting-covered floor. Martin was deep in sleep now, and he would lie like that, unmoving, his face a sun-

*By Richard Connell*

*Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren*

browned patch on the silvered pillow, till dawn called him to another day of work on the farm. No ordinary sound would disturb him. Yet Elsa, when she moved to the window, moved stealthily.

She stood at the window in her night-gown; it fitted her slender body badly, because she had made it hastily from a remnant left over from a bolt of muslin Martin had bought at a bargain, for sheets. Before her eyes loomed the black bulk of the barn. It quite dwarfed the house.

"The biggest barn in Litchfield County," Martin had said of it, proudly, at supper. "And the best."

"Will you paint the house now?" Elsa had asked. "Nothing's been done to it for seven years. It needs paint badly."

"The house can wait," Martin had said.

Elsa stood gazing at the barn, staring hard as if it were some dark mirage, and she hoped her eyes could see

through it to the apple orchard beyond. But she could not see the apple orchard. The barn was in the way, the solid barn, the biggest in the county, and the best. She wanted to see the orchard that night. She was thinking of another orchard, her father's, and of another night, moonlit, too, when Martin had kissed her for the first time. She leaned far out of the window, but she could not see the orchard, not even the tops of the trees. There was no sound in the night. She could hear Martin's breathing, faint, regular. She stared at the great barn.

"Eighteen years," she whispered. "Eighteen years."

She looked behind her quickly. No, he hadn't heard. She sighed and turned away from the window. She must get back to bed. She must have rest. There was work to do on the morrow, canning, the house work, the meals for the hired men and for Martin, endless work. Sleep would be sweet. It would bring dreams. She had learned to look forward to the quiet nights and the dreams that came. At her work next day she always tried to recapture them. Gently she slipped



back into bed. The loose quoits jingled a little. She must fix them, some day, when she had a minute to spare. Martin would never get 'round to it. His farm, it kept him busy, always busy. She closed her eyes on the moonlight.

WHEN Martin Draycott drove his truck, for he saw no sense in keeping a pleasure car, into the village of Sharon, and, in the rough working clothes he habitually wore, went into the bank, Mr. Pond, the president himself, came out of his little office to shake Martin's hand. Behind nose-glasses, Mr. Pond's eyes were cordial.

A solid man, Martin Draycott. Too few farmers like him. A head on his shoulders. Honest. Reliable. That farm of his, the place old Forbes let go to seed, that's a nice piece of property for you. A hundred acres, and I'll bet they're all paying their way. Glad to put a mortgage on it. Not likely, though. Draycott too well fixed. Made it all himself, too. With his own hands, one might say. Wife helped, of course. Fine woman, Elsa Draycott. No nonsense about her. Most wives seem to think all they have to do is spend a husband's money as fast as he makes it. Must speak to Hattie about that dress-maker's bill. Bet Elsa Draycott makes her own clothes. They look it, anyway. It's better to be thrifty, though. Wife of Martin Draycott wouldn't dare to be anything else, I guess. Too bad about their son. Folly of youth. Only seventeen. He'll get over it, like as not, and settle down. A farm (Mr. Pond privately permitted himself a small joke) is no place for wild oats. Not that young Tom Draycott was a bad one. Couldn't be with two such parents. Just a young fool, that's all, running off like that and shipping on a tramp steamer and sailing off to Singapore (was it?) and Heaven knows where else. Wanted to be a seafaring man, Tom told Wilbur. A master mariner. Captain of a ship. Talked big about foreign ports—Shanghai, Batavia (thought that was in New York state), Rio, Capetown. Where did he fill his head with such notions? Books, like as not. Never had a glimpse of the sea in his life, any more than I've had. Well, he'll get his young belly full of seafaring, and come back, like the Prodigal Son, and ask his father to take him back on the farm, and become a substantial member of the community. He'll be lucky if the old man takes him back. Finest farm in the county. Hollow-tile silo, electric milker, tractor, up-to-date barn. Guess Martin would take him back. Only son. Mad at the boy now, of course. Don't blame him. Must hurt a father to see a young ingrate turn his back on such a good chance to make money. Martin never

speaks about Tom. Only mentioned it once to me. "Can't understand it," Martin said. Can't myself. Glad my boy has both feet on the ground. Making good as assistant-cashier. Gave up that college bug of his completely. Saw the sense of what I said. Young fellow learns more about life and business behind the window of a country bank than at all these colleges put together. Smart lad, Wilbur. Wouldn't surprise me if he got to be a millionaire. Young Tom Draycott wanted him to run away to sea, too. Not Wilbur. Knows what side his bread is buttered on. Horse-sense. Good son. Bet Martin Draycott sort of envies me. Nice deposit Martin made just now. Farm must be having a good year. A solid citizen, Martin Draycott, a solid citizen.

When he had finished his business at the bank, Martin Draycott hurried back to his farm. From far down the road he could see his new red barn, standing out, huge and impressive, against the blue of the day. He smiled.

A barn any man could be proud of. It's mine. In a sense, it's me. Built by my own effort. Solid. Honest. Prosperous. Soon it will be bulging with hay. Glad I bought that tedder. Loader works like a charm, too. Months it took me to save the money for it. Worth it, though, just to see the smooth, easy way it does its job. Don't believe any farmer in the county, maybe the state, has a better haying outfit. Holsteins doing well, too. A dozen beauties. Pays to get blooded stock. Ten per cent more milk since I installed that automatic waterer and salter. Musn't forget to oil the milker. Wish I'd bought it before Tom went away. He never liked to milk. I never minded it when I was a boy. Funny about Tom, going off like that. Wasn't the lazy kind, either. Glad he came and told me he was going. Rather he did that than sneak away without a word. A bad day it was for me. Never forget how he looked at me. Black eyes. Like his mother's. I told him he was making a fool of himself. Showed him the plans for the new barn. He just looked at me. Almost as if he pitied me. Maybe I shouldn't have lost my temper. Wonder where he is now? What was it Pond said about that new silo-blower they've put on the market? Better than mine? I'll have to look into it. If the corn and potatoes do well, maybe I could afford one next spring. Or maybe Atkins will come down in the price of that ten-acre lot. Can't do much with it himself, but knows I want it. Could use it for alfalfa. Tackle him again this winter when he's hard up. Ten more acres. A hundred and ten. Growing. Old Forbes would open his eyes if he were alive

to see what I've made out of his place. Nothing on it but the house when I took it over. House never any good. Must put running water in it sometime. Year after next, perhaps, if things go right. But a new manure conveyor, first. They say you can tell about a farmer by his manure pile. Well, let them look at mine. Straight sides, it has. Nice field of rutabagas. Pond said there are gypsies in the neighborhood. He saw them. Notified the constable. Shiftless, thieving lot. Never stole anything from me; better not try. What a life—roaming around in rags. No roof over your head. No money in the bank. No place in the world. My barn certainly looks great in the sunlight—

Elsa Draycott, standing in her worn cotton dress, in her kitchen, twisted with reddened hands the tops on jars of string beans. Mr. Pond, in his little office in the bank, peered through nose-glasses at a mortgage. Wilbur Pond in his cage behind the grilled window, muttered to himself, "Six times nine is fifty-four," and made neat figures with a neat, white hand. The hired men hoed in the rutabaga patch. Raphael, the oldest gypsy, lay smoking beneath a tree, watching a spider spin its web. Tom Draycott stood in the bow of the tramper "San Marco," felt the salt spray on his face, and saw the orange-yellow lights of Singapore etched on the velvet dusk of an Oriental night. Martin Draycott expertly steered his truck into the drive-way of his farm. His eyes were on the big red barn. The shabby little house he did not see at all.

AT supper, Elsa spoke to him. She came in from the kitchen where she had been feeding the hired men their pork and potatoes. Her hands held the edges of her apron. She did not speak easily.

"Martin?"

"Yes?"

"It's a long time since we've been away from the farm. Three years, nearly."

"We've been to the village. I was there today."

"It isn't to the village I want to go."

"Where then?"

She twisted at the edges of her apron.

"New York."

He stared at her.

"New York?"

"Yes."

He frowned.

"Why should we go there?"

"Well, there are things we could buy," Elsa said. And added, "Cheaper than here, and better."

"Things? What things?"

"Well, hats."



"He heard the soft sound of the front door being carefully opened. He heard steps. He did not turn."

"We don't need hats."

"No. Maybe not. We don't really need them. But I was thinking" . . . . Her voice trailed off. "You know what you said last year . . . ."

"Yes, I know. Then I had the chance to get the electric milker cheap. It's saved us a lot of money, Elsa. If we'd gone to New York, we'd have thrown money away, and had nothing to show for it."

"I suppose so. Nothing? No electric milker, anyway."

"And there's the work," Martin said. "How could we leave it?"

"For a day only. With the city only four hours away it seems too bad—"

"Every day is precious on a farm. You know that, Elsa."

"Yes, I know it well."

"Some day, perhaps—"

"It's always 'some day,' Martin."

He put down his knife and fork.

"Well, we can't go now. Just can't. Why do you want to go now?"

"I don't really know. Just a feeling—"

"You've been working hard, Elsie," he said. "Better get to bed early tonight. A good night's rest will fix you up."

She sat down and began to eat silently.

"Maybe," said Martin, "in the fall, we could spare a day, when things slack off."

"They never seem to."

"Else, you are strange today. Not yourself at all. It isn't like you to want to go gadding off when there's work to be done. Where would we be today if we went off to the city every time we felt like it, instead of staying here and working? We wouldn't own the finest farm in the state, I'll tell you that."

Elsa spoke slowly.

"I was thinking last night," she said, "do we really own the farm?"

"Of course we do. Every cent is paid up. No mortgages."

"I didn't mean that way."

"What way then?"

"I was just wondering"—she hesitated, found it hard to finish with his eyes on her, "if maybe the farm doesn't own us."

His look was uncomprehending.

"That's a funny thing to say, Else. Of course, in a way a man's work does get a hold on him, if that's what you mean. But we were put in the world to work. Perhaps the farm is part

of us, and we are part of the farm. I don't care. After all, that's what I've worked for."

She did not speak for some minutes. Then,

"We can't go to the city—just for a day?"

"Not now," said Martin Draycott. "Let me have another helping of the rice pudding, will you, Else?"

At noon he came in from the hay-field.

"I saw a band of gypsies pass along the road," he said.

"Yes, I saw them, too."

"Elsa?"

"What?"

"Did they stop here?"

"Why should they stop here?"

"That's not what I asked you. Did they stop here?"

"Yes. For a minute."

"Take anything?"

"No."

"Elsa, did you give them anything?"

She was busy serving the creamed potatoes. She did not answer him. He repeated,

"Did you give them anything, Elsa?"

"Nothing much."

"What?"

(Continued on page 58)



Moraine Park Junior School at Dayton, Ohio, where some interesting educational theories are being tested. The school aims to furnish fundamentals of a happy and successful life.

## Frank Slutz—a Great Schoolmaster

**F**RANK SLUTZ may not be the greatest man in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. There are so many ways of sizing up greatness and they do not all agree. He is certainly not the richest man; he may not even be the wisest man in Dayton. One thing I do know he is, and about everybody else has found it out by this time: Frank Slutz is the one man Dayton could least afford to lose. You couldn't get up much of an argument on that point in any circle in Dayton.

*By Miles H. Krumbine*

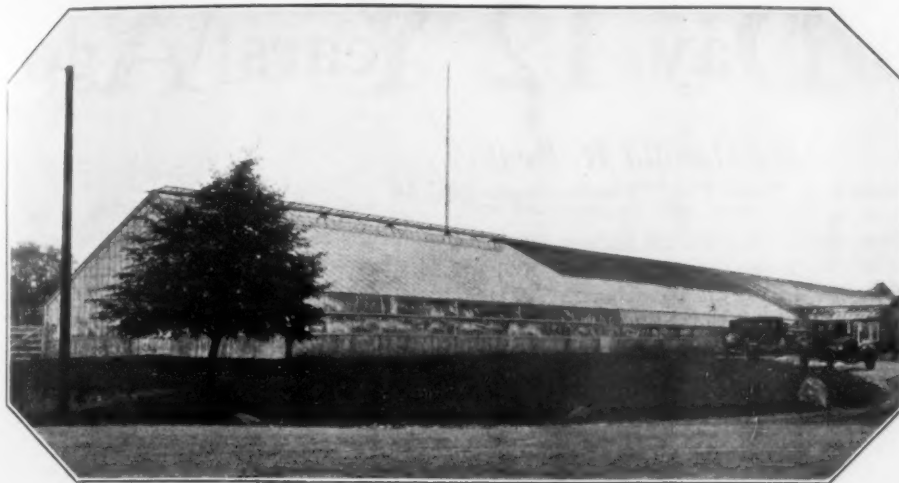
Who then is Frank Slutz? He has so many sides to his personality that it's hard to describe him. In the eight years that I have known him intimately I've seen him do so many different things and do them well that I hardly know where to begin. I'll tell you this: If you saw him in a pulpit of some great church, as I have many times, speaking on "God and Youth" or some such sub-

ject you would say, "he's a preacher and a good one." If you saw him at the Y. M. C. A. as I have very often, speaking to six hundred men on a week-day night, week after week, on "The Man of the Twentieth Century" you would say "he's a man's man." If you saw him at the Public Library lecturing on the New Psychology to women and crowding one hall after another so that it seemed like a progressive bridge game going from house to house week after week you would say "he's a professor of note." If you had seen him in St. Louis at the International Rotary Convention a few years ago in the unenviable rôle of having to try to speak to twelve thousand people immediately after President Harding had finished his address you would have said, if he can hold that audience which came to hear the



These youngsters attended the Moraine Park School in 1925-6. They look like good material for the teacher who can see beyond his text-book.





A greenhouse marked the "beginning" of the school, but it is soon to be replaced by a new structure.

President and not Slutz he's a great orator." He did hold them almost to a man.

Well he's not a preacher or any of the other things mentioned. Frank Slutz is "a schoolmaster" as H. G. Wells would say and he's a good one. He's not a regular schoolmaster but one of these chaps with ideas on education; and what is more important, with the ability to put the ideas to work. For nine years he has been making new ideas do honest work in the world and today he is one of the most significant forces in education in America.

ALL he has, really, is ideas; ideas and pupils. He has no buildings (he is to get them at last); his school, the Moraine Park School, meets in a greenhouse. It was about the only place available when the idea of doing a new thing in education was launched. There the school is meeting to this day. There has been carried out a program of child training that has won the interest and praise of men and women who know, all over the country.

It's an odd way Slutz has of coming at this new venture. He is not a "revolutionary." He is not radical in any sense of the word. And yet he is one

of the greatest radicals, because he is natural. "The great difficulty in education," he said, when I talked it over with him, "is that we have mixed our deserts, salads, and meat course in the menu. Personally I hold no brief against anything on that menu. I think it would be intolerant of me to rule out any subject which must appeal to the intelligence and taste of a large body of people. Just because I don't glory in mathematics isn't saying it should be crossed off the course of study. I believe that these seven or eight things ought to be put first on the educational menu, and after they are finished I don't care how much time you take for deserts and salads. There are a good many human persons in the world besides me whose tastes differ from mine and they have a right to their tastes.

"The seven points of a sound education are: First, tools—reading, writing, and arithmetic—the rudiments. Have them well.

"Second, good health. People ought to learn early to obey simple and healthful rules to keep them well.

"Third, a vocation which fits one's capacities and opportunities, and which fits social needs. Both of these things have to be taken care of in a vocation. Have a job that is helpful.

"Fourth, an appetite for beauty in some direction—music, poetry, nature. Of course, you are not limited to one.

"Fifth, a knowledge of the rules of home-making. Knowledge of these rules would prevent many divorces.

"Sixth, a special attitude toward law which will help them to find the miracle through law. Law is a great opportunity for efficiency. We want to get that taught.

"Seventh, spiritual experience. In that spiritual experience I place some very general things such as brotherhood as a working plan not a myth. The great value of literature is to get the spiritual attitude out of it. It stands for great spiritual experiences.

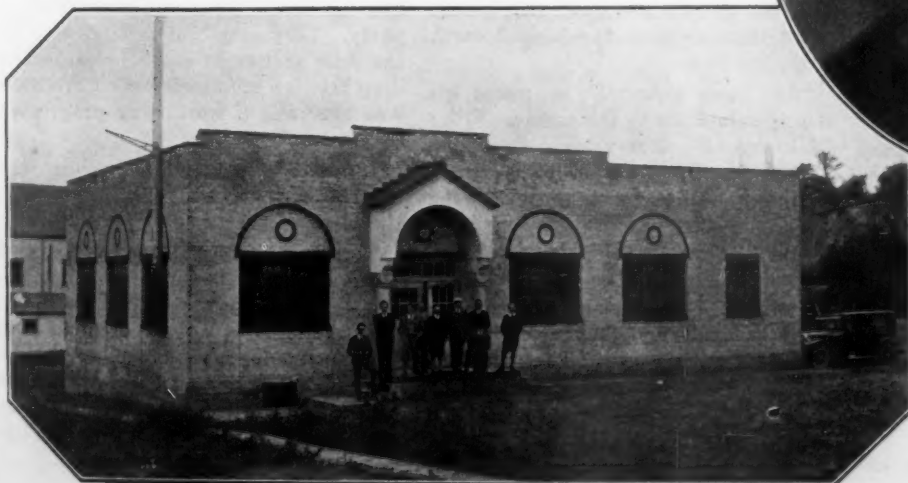
"Those are the main things. If you want to, then go ahead with the deserts and salads. If my boy has learned these things, then if he wants French, Latin, German, or Sanskrit it is all right

(Continued on page 42)



Professor Frank D. Slutz, member of the Rotary Club of Dayton, Ohio, former school superintendent of Pueblo, Colorado, the man who planned the Moraine Park School, and who now directs it.

Left—This school-shop is largely the gift of Robert Patterson of Dayton, Ohio, former district governor and vice-president of Rotary International. The shop is an important factor in the working out of the various student projects.



# Christmas Day 12 Years Ago

By Harold R. Peat

Author of "Private Peat," "The Inexcusable Lie," Etc.



SOISSONS to Rheims! A memory. It is a French sector of the line . . . a line of soldiers, soldiers in trenches, trenches that are new and shallow, mean and muddy.

Overcast skies lower downward, rain drips, drips, drips. There are guns that boom and guns that bang, there are rifles that "ping" and bayonets that rattle. There are boots, thousands of boots encasing thousands of feet, boots squelching in mud, and attached to the muddy boots are men. Men yet, for all that the world dubs them by their trade name of soldiers.

They are men yet inside the muddled misty blue of uniform cloth, for it is only 1914. Twelve years ago. In the thoughts of men a war just begun has its ending already in sight. "The enemy" on both sides of the line says, "It can only last until Christmas . . . they cannot beat US."

The man inside the soldier who is clothed in blue or khaki is not yet tired. There is mud and rain and cannon, but Tommy Atkins sings of Tipperary which he will never see, and Poilu chants with vehemence the Marsellaise. "Die Wacht am Rhein" echoes from castle to castle of that river's length.

Innocent men. A million Allied soldiers stretching three hundred and ninety-five miles as they lie in stinking trenches, from the borders of Switzerland to the unconquered waters of the English Channel. Two million "enemy" stretching three hundred and ninety-five miles from borderland to sea's rim. Soldiers wallowing in mud, gasping under the shock of unprecedented shell fire. Soldiers in a world war, but still men. Men unrealizing the significance of this curtain-raiser to a holocaust. Men five months in the throes of a world war and still singing, laughing, sometimes jesting with the common enemy a few hundred yards across no man's land. There is no hate yet and no thought of revenge. The soldiers are still sportsmen in the queer fuddled reading of civilization's idea of a fair-play adjustment of natural differences.

We claim relationship with the en-

emy. "We are the Saxons, you are the Anglo-Saxons—why shoot?" And why? "Wait for the Bavarians." "All right!" "We are the Saxons, the Prussians come here next week, if you don't shoot, we won't."

So we don't shoot this week. We will next week, next year, next year and next year, but we don't know that then. "Three years or the duration," we thought of our enlistment card and laughed again. Earl Kitchener was old and we were young. We knew.

December 1st and the men got restless. Mud and filth and wet . . . damned wet. We cursed the mud and weather and the miserly Christmas-leave list, but we didn't curse the enemy. Not yet.

Then Christmas morning dawned. Christmas—bah! Bleak, black clouds, rain, mud, and mist, thick December mist, thick squelching mud, boots sucking in and out of the ooze, and men attached to the boots.

But there is light and hope in the souls of thousands of men, thousands of soldiers . . . poilus on guard at Soissons. A rifle cracks and a bullet whizzes by. Muscles are tense and eyes gleam through loop holes. This is a dangerous sector. It is suicide if one side or the other shows a head for one moment above the parapet.

Yet Christmas is felt even in this thick misty dampness. A young poilu does a foolish thing. Perhaps! He yields to the unforgivable impulse of dropping his rifle whilst on active service. The officers are astounded, his comrades surprised into inaction. The poilu jumps on top of the parapet. In full view of the German lines he stands with arms akimbo. Bullets speed to right and left of him. Over his head there is a rain of lead, and bullets spend themselves in the heaped earth under his feet.

"Aha, mes enfants!" he raises his arm in salutation to the enemy. "Vive l'Allemagne!" His voice carries distinctly. Abruptly the shooting ceases in the immediate section. A young German soldier, unarmed, springs upon his parapet—waves his hands, "Vive la France . . . Vive la France!"

Youth of France and youth of Germany suddenly find themselves looking into each other's eyes. The onlooking troops are appalled. There is a silence so deep, so strange, so new that only to the men who will live until November 11th, 1918, is the unfathomed

depths of it to be experienced a second time.

Then, as though hypnotised by the oddity of their position, the two young men move across no man's land. They meet, stop—hand clasping hand. "Bon jour," says the poilu; "Guten morgen," answers the enemy.

"O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum, Wie schön sind deine Blätter, Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerzeit, Aber auch im Winter wenn es schneit: O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum, Wie schön sind deine Blätter!"



THE song rings out in husky tones of many men's voices, then clearer as soldiers again and again jump "over the top," unprotected by artillery, ungarded by bayonets.

French poilus and Germans fraternize . . . laugh, make jokes, sing. The hereditary and biological instinct towards Peace on Christmas Day holds the minds of men. In record-breaking time French, German, British, and Belgian soldiers from one end of the line to the other, forgot war, forgot their new job of killing. As children on Christmas Day—on this Christmas Day of 1914 they are happy, they are glad. There is no hate, there is no thought of revenge. This day up at old Ypres where deadly gas has yet to work a new destruction, at Soissons, down in the Somme, along the Marne, whose waters had run red with blood of troops already gone, it was youth and Christmas and with one God there had come one belief. Christmas—good will—Peace.

Darkness fell, the drear sleet of a Winter night dashed against the faces of tired men, faces flushed and smiling like the faces of little children after a party. They stumbled through mud to the poor shelter of earth holes packed deep between mud trenches. Christmas was over and a world war progressed once more.

Dawn . . . and there is the rumble of guns, mud, filth again . . . the birth of overwhelming Hate.

Tersely the official communique of December 26th, 1914, read: "Yesterday, Christmas Day, near Soissons, after two soldiers had appeared unmolested in no man's land, the troops of the Allies and enemy fraternized. Christmas greetings were exchanged. Firing ceased for the full length of the line and football games were enjoyed."

# What Is Rotary Education?

By Albert Faulconer

**I**T DEPENDS upon what Rotary is, and that, of course, must depend upon the prevailing conception of it.

Some Rotarians, denying that it depends upon prevailing conception, say that it is a definable entity, but I have never been able to clearly accept the latter view.

Rotary is more of an attempt at a mode of life, though I have no criticism of the definition that has been applied, that it is a "philosophy of life."

To point out and define just what constitutes Rotary Education opens a broad field, and perhaps it is not going too far to say that this field is as broad and diversified as the races of men.

The Rotary population of the world is a most insignificant numerical portion of the peoples of the world; the vastness, as well as the multiplicity of human endeavor makes it impossible for human genius to lay down a practical program comprehensive enough to embrace the activities of all men and all business.

Rotary International issues a score or more of pamphlets on different phases of the organization of Rotary and its work. In these pamphlets and the reports of annual conventions are the mechanics of Rotary and with them many inspirational statements, suggestions, and addresses.

Any ordinary, intelligent man or boy can read the printed literature of Rotary and along with the rank and file of the Rotarians of the world, pass a creditable memory test on the substance of what is stated, but, is this Rotary Education?

Suppose every Rotarian, young and old, should pass such a test, would that be Rotary Education? In a measure, it would be, but in the last analysis, emphatically, "No."

To read is to acquire knowledge of, but to go through that slow and sometimes unwilling process of changing our thoughts and consequently our actions, is to educate.

In any adult group of persons a correct point of view must be established in the minds of the individuals composing it, before progress toward any given objective may be expected.

The literature of Rotary will serve its purpose if used and will give us a quite uniform impression of what Rotary desires in the way of service to mankind, but, in the last analysis, the education of the individual Rotarian must reach far beyond any printed dictum; it must arouse desire, instill courage, and change conduct, and, unless it does, Rotary will never be the great force in the individual life and in the world at large that we sometimes think it is.

The emphasis placed upon certain kinds of Rotary activities, and the many expressions of a purely idealistic Rotary, has tended to confuse both old and new members as to what Rotary really is.

We find well-informed Rotarians throughout the United States lined up,

so to speak, in three divisions: first, are those who adhere to a program of objective activities and give little thought to the idealistic or spiritual side; second, those who adhere strictly to an idealistic Rotary and are not given to practical activities; third, those who believe that the ideals of Rotary may be developed into a greater force in the world by every individual indulging in practical community activities.

Personally, I believe that the idealistic or spiritual part of Rotary is indispensable to the life of the organization, but that the practical activities are helpful in establishing these ideals and building them into wider fields.

If in our educational program, we desire to eliminate the confusion of mind that seems to exist, we must carry on such a program of education as will instill in the minds of Rotarians a desire for some objective that embraces within its scope all the helpful activities adapted to each community and, at the same time, hold up the hope of some great accomplishment that will benefit the races of mankind, whether it be this generation, the next, or some other in the far distant future; and let that hope be the objective toward which we strive, with the satisfaction that each day the individual may contribute something toward it in his own way.

## Keeping Christmas



**T**HERE is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is, keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

**W**HAT is Rotary, if it be not a mode or philosophy of life? And what is life, if it be not a great crescendo, into which there are blended the tones of a million human activities, each contributing its part to the development of a civic life? And, if we recognize the diversity in language, business, and moral and religious customs, we cannot be satisfied to say that we will do this thing and not the other.

Business and professional ethics are nothing more than results that Rotary hopes will come through its program of education, but with this hope we recognize that morality is never instilled by legislation of majority rule; and, here, the real purpose and meaning of Rotary Education becomes more clear.

Morality is not generated in mass formation. It is an individual  
(Continued on page 62)





Photo: Swaine, London.

**CHARLES IGGLESDEN, Ashford, England****DAVID JAMESON, New Castle, Pa.**

Photo: Bachrach.

**PAUL H. KING, Detroit, Mich.**

Photo: Bachrach.

**RALPH S. BAUER, Lynn, Mass.**

## ROTARIANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Charles Igglesden, J.P., F.S.A., of Ashford, Kent, England, may visit North America next summer in the capacity of President of the Institute of Journalists, an organization of British journalists in all parts of the world. Besides a long career in journalism which included newspaper editing, writing local history, serving as war correspondent, etc., he holds many public offices, is an all-round sportsman, and is president of Ashford Rotary.

David Jameson, bank president, of New Castle, Pennsylvania, has provided a fund of

\$600,000 to secure a new hospital for the city in which he has lived for 43 years. This new institution will have about 150 beds, will provide for nurses' training, will be named for the Jamesons. The founder is also active in crippled childrens' work.

Paul H. King, L.L.B., of Detroit, Michigan, was instrumental in promoting the national conference held in Detroit last July, at which the National Association of Referees in Bankruptcy was formed. Because of his activity in

this field, his experience in business, politics, law and organization affairs, he was elected president of the new Association.

Ralph S. Bauer, L.L.B., of Lynn, Massachusetts, started life as a newsboy and is now rich enough to give his salary as mayor to charity. As mayor he has more enemies than anyone in the city, so local papers say; and they add that he has also refused more social invitations, discharged more city employees, collected more city bills, and saved more money than any preceding mayor of Lynn.

# "Let the Next Generation Be My Client!"

By Arthur E. Hobbs

**NOTE:** This article was submitted to THE ROTARIAN because the Rotary Club of Springfield, Massachusetts, made the activities of this Junior Achievement Foundation possible. On March 28, 1921, the Springfield Rotary Club accepted the recommendations of its Boys and Girls Work Committee to establish a Junior Achievement Foundation under the Bureau which happened to have its headquarters in Springfield. At the meeting when the report was made a budget of \$50,000 was voted, which has since been raised, consisting of \$10,000 for each of five years, based upon so-called Boy and Girl Certificates of \$10 each. Springfield Rotary men have been active in continued support and direction of the movement as members of the Board of Control of the Foundation thus begun.

It is my hope that this story of Springfield Junior Achievement, as an example of constructive work with boys and girls, will serve as a stimulus to many men who would like to exert their personal influence in their communities along similar lines. The headquarters of the Bureau should be addressed for further general information (various interesting bulletins are available), or for specific suggestions on the initial organization steps to take. Write Rotarian Ivan L. Hobson, Director, Junior Achievement Bureau, 33 Pearl Street, Springfield, Mass.

ARTHUR E. HOBBS.

**C**ONDITIONS change faster than human nature. Problems in adjustment are thus an eternal consequence. Any man who compares the present with his boyhood cannot avoid the conclusion that the familiar instincts of boys and girls must

A group of community leaders inspecting the work of the Junior Achievement Club at Olivet Community House in Springfield, Massachusetts.

now tend to express themselves in different ways, because the opportunities and restrictions the modern youngster faces have so radically changed.

When you were a boy you clambered out of bed early in the morning. You dressed as fast as your cold fingers, in winter, would let you. You broke the ice in the pitcher of water to dash a little on your face. Perhaps you built the fire in the stove; at any rate you had split the kindling and chopped the wood for it. You had duties to perform with the stock in the barn; snow to shovel; water to pump; errands to run. You trudged off to school at a

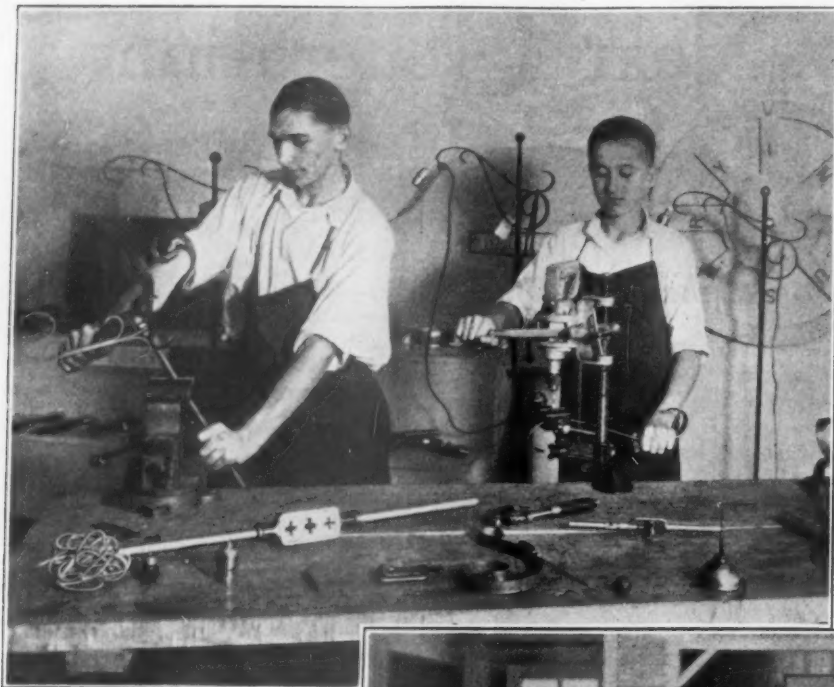
considerable distance no matter what the weather. Unlike the "Life" cartoon, if it had snowed during the night your mother did not telephone the school principal at nine-thirty to say, "Of course Egbert is not going to school today; it has snowed several inches and we can't get to the garage." Other seasons brought different but no less numerous duties. Even Sunday brought its routine tasks.

The regular chores for boys and girls of years ago have gone, and with them many of the opportunities for absorbing the mischief-making energy of youth. It is significant that many of our leading men were country or poverty-bred boys, familiar from an early age with work. Today while boys and girls are busy enough certainly, they are not well acquainted with work. And parents loving not too wisely but too well do not interpose. In the home, the heating-system automatically has the house warm at a set hour in the morning. The oil burner and the gas stove have no ashes and require no kindling. Even the ice pan is starting on its way to the museum as electrical refrigeration

Left—Horace A. Moses, one of the founders of the Junior Achievement Foundation, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Springfield, Massachusetts.

Photo: Bachrach.





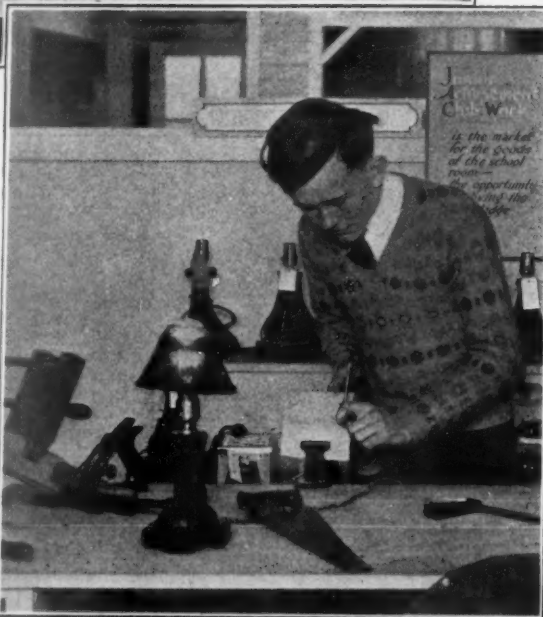
Above—Two members of Springfield's champion electrical-demonstration team show how they make bridge lamps.

At Right—David Scott, leader of the Westoy Achievement Club. Through Dave's efforts in planning and financing and as a result of his leadership, the Westoy Club was put on a "paying basis."

comes in. The milk is at the door step. A garden is much easier to maintain in cans on the pantry shelf than in the back yard. Modern devices make it possible to have dishes washed and dried electrically.

This is all very well for the middle-aged men and women with habit patterns already formed, but it presents a real problem in the development of their children. Many fathers and mothers are worrying because their children have no recurrent work responsibilities. Civilization has absorbed the necessity without substituting other natural training for boys and girls.

How does a boy or girl of today learn the value of money? What first-hand contact does he or she have with labor as a prerequisite of its fruits? What check is there on extravagant desires for entertainment and luxury? Entertainment has become a routine matter. The movie is around the corner, often with its false, sentimental patterns of life and its induc-



These members of the Scorpions Electric Club hold their meetings in a garage which they have transformed into a Junior Achievement workshop.

ment to unearned luxury and artificial excitements. A mere turn of the radio dial brings music and conversation to the living-room that used to be available only by traveling to the Town Hall or the Village Opera House on the advertised gala nights.

Where and how does a youngster secure any personal conviction of the

necessity for constructive work as essential to economic progress or individual independence? Probably work for its own sake never has been a strong natural desire of man. It certainly is not today. And no doubt it is true that in the present it is easier to merely get along with less work than ever before. For this very reason it is hard to see what training of the moral fibre or of will power is now available in place of the former more pressing necessity for work as an essential to life.

"Work—hard, useful work. Work in the service of others—the making of things that people need." This is the philosophy of Henry Ford, says Mary Lee after a recent interview as reported in the *New York Times*. She continues: "As to the young people, Henry Ford seemed skeptical that the present crime

wave might be due to them. And even if the young people are the folks who commit crime, they had the war to show them how to kill people, didn't they? A boy who is seventeen now, heard nothing else but that kind of stuff when he was ten years old. What we ought to do with them is to put them to work. Give them something to do that'll interest them, and there won't be any more crime."

It cannot be denied that social and industrial conditions would be improved by a change in the current work philosophy, of which the following are characteristic:

Lack of respect for work and workers, with social stratification based upon it;

Industrial difficulties due to lack of understanding that wages depend in large measure upon productive work;

Extravagance, and only too little conception of the value of money and of the satisfaction derived from work well done;

Lack of an industrious spirit, the presence of which is the chief compensating factor for the ordinary native ability of most of us;

Uncritical get-rich-quick and something-for-nothing desires;

Uneconomic use of the increasing leisure time;

Lack of early planning of life work; Constant shifting from one job to another without a true conception of the work for which one is best fitted;

Decrease in the importance ascribed to the home as a primary factor in the sound development of the nation;



Too little appreciation of the spiritual and ideal factors involved in living within one's means on a basis of economic independence, one's account with society in constant balance;

High-pressure living with too few opportunities for boys and girls to form habits of industry and thrift, or competent judgments upon the personal problems involved in all these factors.

There are many ways to attack these difficulties individually. The late Theodore N. Vail and other public-spirited men associated with him, developed a program for meeting all of them as a unit by providing boys and girls with practical opportunities and effective incentives for interesting and intelligent work. Thus was born the Junior Achievement Foundation.

The fundamental purpose of Junior Achievement is character building with particular reference to the development of self-respect based upon economic independence and usefulness.

The following is quoted from the bulletin "Origin of Junior Achievement Club Work":

Believing in the need for a return to a good old-fashioned work program for the youth of the land, a group of business men met in 1919, at the invitation of the late Theodore N. Vail, to consider the need and the way out. They reasoned thus:

"Work is the source of all progress. It has

built America. It alone can be the basis of future national growth. But that future is endangered. Many city and town youths are losing their taste for work. They are attempting short cuts to success that oftentimes lead to misery. They are not developing habits of work. They are cultivating tastes beyond their earning powers. They lack an appreciation of their fathers' and mothers' occupations.

"Of more than a hundred existing national organizations dealing with young people, few include in their programs the cultivation of thorough work habits.

"What is needed is a system that can serve existing organizations and supplement their efforts by re-establishing wholesome work in the daily living of young people. To make work a game, to make it productive and remunerative, to make it an agency through which young people growing to manhood and

womanhood may become useful and happy, and eventually independent—these are the big worthwhile undertakings."

So believed these practical men of affairs. They might have appealed for Federal and State legislation to parallel Congressional acts of a similar nature for farm boys and girls. Instead, they turned over to the incoming generation some of their personal accumulations by creating and financing Junior Achievement Club Work for a term of years. They laid down the following policies:

1—That Junior Achievement Club Work should eventually develop into a national system whereby all city boys and girls may avail themselves of work programs in trades, industries, and homemaking.

2—That during the first years it should be limited to a few Northeastern states to demonstrate its value and to make possible concentrated effort with limited forces.

3—That Junior Achievement Foundations be formed and incorporated under State laws in the various cities so that the work may be properly financed and administered locally.

4—That Junior Achievement Club Work may be fostered and conducted through existing organizations and institutions dealing with young people. It may also be carried on with juniors not already organized.

Honorary Rotarian Horace A. Moses, an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Springfield, succeeded Mr. Vail to the chairmanship of the Junior

(Continued on page 49)



Giving the Junior Achievement Pledge: "I pledge to my home, my community and my country that I will learn to work effectively and become a useful self-supporting citizen."



Above—The steady whirl of sewing-machines distinguishes this busy corner of the Junior Achievement Institute.

Right—This clothing club labors busily in one of the West Springfield homes, where the girls learn how to exercise taste and economy simultaneously.





# The Meanest Man

## A Christmas Short-Short Story

By Thomas R. Jones

**T**HE Meanest Man in town, walked down the Avenue, on the morning of the day before Christmas.

"Old Ebenezer Scrooge," the people dubbed him; hard, avaricious and unkind; apparently hating fellowship and inviting no friendly advance.

If the Meanest Man ever longed for friends, the world knew it not; in the days gone, he had managed to place an embargo on the milk of human kindness and, eventually, his neighbors came to abide by it; for years now, he had been left to himself, embittered and defiant.

But the Meanest Man made money—and that afforded him what lean happiness was his.

As the Meanest Man passed through a tiny park, he found there a group of school boys, tossing to and fro, a large leather ball.

"Damn 'em, with their noise," he muttered, "I wish—"

But the sentence was summarily cut short, for the ball sailed toward the path and struck the Meanest Man squarely in the mouth.

The lads fled in consternation; the ball rolled unheeded on the grass; a trickle of blood issued from the lips of the Meanest Man.

Awe struck, but considering themselves lucky to escape the immediate results of this untimely accident, the youngsters slunk homeward, leaving the Meanest Man to splutter his rage for a few moments, after which he proceeded to the office of his physician for repairs.

It took a tiny strip of tightly drawn, flesh-colored court plaster to patch the lips of the Meanest Man, after which, he collected himself sufficiently to resume his walk toward his own office.

And then a strange thing happened.

Notwithstanding his recent disfigurement and anger, the Meanest Man walked along and smiled. The people

that he passed were—most of them—his enemies, yet he smiled; at a busy corner, a boy on a bicycle, almost ran him down, but still he smiled; his eyes, perhaps, retained a glint of their accustomed hostility, but to those of his fellow-townsmen, whom he chanced to meet, the Meanest Man appeared as a new being; there was something there in the face that had always scowled at dogs and children and acquaintances, that betokened a softened heart and a reconstructed spirit in one upon whom they had looked as beyond the touch of human sympathy.

As the Meanest Man walked, smiling, he approached the church. The venerable parson, standing hard by the entrance, saw and felt the mighty change in this man, who had never, within his memory, crossed the threshold of God's House.

"It is the Spirit of Christmas," breathed the clergyman to himself, "the heart of a strong man has at last been touched; I will speak with him."

"A very good morning to you, Sir," said the parson, "I trust that you are about to have the happiest Christmas of your life."

The Meanest Man looked upon the speaker, first, with unuttered amazement. When, before, had any man addressed him in this friendly manner? Was it money this fellow wanted? Why should one who was almost a total stranger, venture to disturb his morning stroll? And still the parson smiled and cordially held forth his hand.

"Maybe—just maybe," thought the Meanest Man, "this preacher has a kindly heart; maybe instead of being a fanatical back-biter, he really means well."

"And why," answered the Meanest Man, aloud, "should I seek a Happy Christmas and what do you think would make me happy?"

"There is only one way," replied the parson, "and that is through bringing happiness to others. The smile on your face, as you came up just now, seems to mean that this day you shall give joy to one of the least of these."

The Meanest Man choked back an imprecation and hurried on.

At the next corner, he met a successful business man, with whom he had kept up little more than a nodding acquaintanceship, for many years.

The business man stopped in his tracks, looked at the Meanest Man closely, started to go on, halted and finally advanced with outstretched hand.

"Why, hello, Old Scout," he bantered, "glad to see you looking so fine and happy; your smile is like a million—come over to the club for a chat."

"I'm sorry, I haven't time to go to your club," compromised the Meanest Man, "but we'll walk along together until we pass the door; I've another appointment."

And people wondered at the strange spectacle of the Meanest Man and the business executive as they moved through the throng.

**W**HEN the Meanest Man was alone again, it occurred to him that twice that day, he had been accused of smiling. He couldn't understand and perplexedly shook his head.

At a down-town street intersection, a tiny slip of a girl, thinly clad and showing evidences of under-nourishment, came timidly to intercept him.

"Please, Sir," she cried wistfully, "mother is quite ill today and Jimmy's working at delivering groceries and ain't gonna get his pay until Sat'day and I've slipped out for help. I've watched, oh, so many men go by and they all seemed so busy, I was afraid to speak to them; but you, sir, smiled so beautifully, I felt like I could ask

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# Shall Rotary Become an Exclusive Social Organization?

*By Leonard T. Skeggs*

Chairman of the Classifications Committee of Rotary International

**C**LASSIFICATION has long been considered the most unique fact of Rotary. From the earliest beginnings it was this unusual basis of membership which made Rotary novel and original and distinguished it from other organizations. Today, when Rotary encircles the globe, ask any discerning Rotarian to designate the most important fundamental of our movement and he will name the classification principle.

Mankind seems to have a genius for inventing multitudinous organizations. Varied and strange have been the qualifications for membership in many organizations. Classification of course is the most important qualification for membership in Rotary. We ask that a Rotarian have an honest classification, that he be worthy to represent his classification, that he be an honorable man, and that he be a social being. Any other tests of membership are superfluous and many times unfair and contrary to the spirit of Rotary.

What is the classification principle of Rotary? Is it not simply a plan by which we unite in Rotary all of the honorable business and professional interests of a community and at the same time prevent the domination of any single interest?

Let us keep before us always that Rotary is not a mere social organization. Rotary above everything else is a purposeful movement!

Rotary has six objectives. These great aims are based on important social and spiritual yearnings of the human heart. They have to do with the spirit of service, high ethical standards in business and professional life, acquaintanceships, friendships, and fellowship and good-will between the nations.

To foster and encourage these objectives, programs of Rotary education, business methods, boys work, and community service are carefully designed and meet a generous response from the individual clubs. The effectiveness with which a club interprets these programs to its membership determines the success of the club as a part of the movement we call Rotary International. To maintain a Rotary club as a useful, purposeful organization it must



Photo: Hart & McCarthy, Youngstown, O.

*Leonard T. Skeggs*

synchronize with the whole program of Rotary. No less will suffice.

Without the unique classification basis of membership, the programs of Rotary International and even an approximate attainment of the objectives would be impossible. Study, if you will, the contribution that this unusual basis of membership makes to each of the six objectives of Rotary.

The classification basis not only provides an instrument by which a high type of personnel is maintained, but guarantees, if the true spirit of classification in Rotary is practiced, that all of the business and professional life of the community shall be exposed to the high ideals of Rotary. It is, therefore, easily understood how

closely related are the subjects of classification and business methods. Similar importance can be ascribed to the contribution of classification to the other programs designed to work toward the attainment of the objectives of Rotary.

The classification basis of Rotary should be a guarantee to our communities that Rotary clubs will remain purposeful organizations and will not deteriorate into mere social clubs of well-wishers.

We appreciate fully the pride of a Rotarian in his membership and the prestige it brings. Nor would we minimize the importance of the part that social contact in a Rotary club plays in personal development and personal happiness. Let us not, however, encourage a tendency to make of Rotary a false aristocracy. Rather let our pride in membership be born of a consciousness of affiliation with a dynamic, virile, increasingly useful movement.

Let us, therefore, regard this classification basis of membership with the respect that it deserves. It is the foundation upon which the whole superstructure of Rotary is built. Disregard it, cheapen it, tamper with it and you destroy not only the foundation but the superstructure as well.

Let us maintain the purposefulness and usefulness of Rotary. Destroy the classification basis and Rotary will become simply a spineless, infirm, exclusive social institution—simply another organization.



# Anglo-American Friendship

By Pirie MacDonald

An address delivered to the Rotary Clubs of London, Dover, Oxford, Cambridge, and Croyden

IN PROPOSING an exchange of speakers between the New York and London Rotary Clubs it was hoped to bring understanding into our friendship.

Understanding is required by two peoples such as ours when anything so sacred as friendship is exchanged—not a diplomatic exchange of courtesy—not a gesture.

By the way, the root of that word is significant, "diploma" means a folded paper—any way you turn it, part of it is hidden, never all of the facts in the light at the same time. Whereas, the word "friend" is Anglo-Saxon. It means *Friend*, never did mean anything else, and to English-speaking people it never can mean anything else.

I will commence with a statement, affirmative, a thesis, which I hope to prove by exhibits. My thesis is this:

**FIRST:** The people who went to America, leaving certainty of maintenance, home ties, and friends had a spirit of adventure and were dynamic.

**SECOND:** The energizing climatic influence on those people has given them a sharpened character, a driving power and a buoyancy that has added to their dynamic qualities.

**THIRD:** The boundless resources of the country has given an opportunity to use those dynamic qualities.

In any consideration of the American the diversity of his ethnic origin must be remembered, but they are common in one feature, which is that they are all of the dynamic type.

To evolve a new type that will breed true takes a long time even when only three or four elements are involved, and we have forty different bloods—therefore, the time will be longer.

England has had no great new element introduced since the battle of Hastings, and England now is an institution whereas we have had ours added in great measure since 1866, a difference of 800 years in your favor—and recent events suggest that even England cannot always be counted on as being of one mind!

Therefore, it is hardly fair to ask even as much of us for at least 800 years.

The original reason for going to America was *protest*—protest against something which they thought unfair, moral, social or material, and it is small wonder that a prominent American attribute is *Protest*!

It is quite understandable that those who have not felt the necessity for protest should become irked by its continual presence in others—but you can now understand how it came to be.

Conditions were so different than those to which they had been accustomed that they had to think for themselves, and they soon learned to reduce problems to their simplest possible terms.

Simplicity and directness of thought then became a characteristic and these dynamic, protesting, direct men became accustomed to taking for granted that everyone they met was of the same type.



Pirie MacDonald

President of the Rotary Club of New York

Then, too, the dynamic type is emotional and consequently enthusiastic and what interests them they want to share with you and they want to share your interests. It is their hot human interest that makes them pushing, their directness that makes them appear brusque.

On the other hand you will find that there is a heartiness of courtesy, a wanting to help, a deep-seated kindness in them.

We are often called "Money Worshipers." With rare exceptions this is untrue. Money in America is a token rather than a fact.

Money in America represents.

It represents achievement and we take off our hats to achievement.

*Opportunity we have, education we give, and achievement we demand.*

There are endless instances of skill, perseverance and of valor to which we give acclaim that the mere possession of money never gets.

That a man possesses money gains him no respect. That he has achieved it by the use of his ability, is his title.

It is not how much he has, but what he is!

Such of those in Europe who are scornful—they worship the *person* of him who is possessed of money—while we praise ability—when used.

It is not possible to set down a code of business practice as being truly American, but Rotary is fast crystallizing the sentiment of the various trades and crafts and the response proves that there is a strong urge for fair play.

You see, we come to much the same end after all for we too have the English Common Law as our basic principle.

We have our ideals through English channels of thought and in the English language, and English moral usages are our tradition as well as yours.

Now let us get down to bedrock. Let us look each other square in the eyes. Let us not pretend. Let us find what is clean and true in each other and cherish it. Let us stand up for one another and permit no man to come between.

You have your job, and we have ours. Yours is to stick it through these next years of readjustment, carefully, wisely changing to fit the new conditions and at the same time keeping British honor bright.

Ours, to put into the hearts and souls of those of the forty bloods who have come to us to be made Americans, that pride in personal character, that demand for national integrity, that exaltation in questions of right and wrong which is our heritage, which comes from our common ideals, through our common tongue.

The English-speaking people have in their hands the leadership of civilization—not dominance, not power to drive—but to lead, that all may follow willingly, confidently, gladly.

And they will lead so long as they are worthy, and the first attribute of worthiness is staunch, unflinching friendship. *God grant that we be worthy!*

# Talking It Over

"Talking It Over" in committee meetings and in board meetings usually solves your club problems and establishes correct policies. Under this heading of "Talking It Over" will be discussed each month problems and questions of concern to local club committees and officers. Contributions for this department will be welcomed—The Editors.

## Speaking of Business Methods

HERE'S a true tale, with a point and a moral for dealers and advertising writers, told by Frank Armstrong, secretary of the Better Business Bureau, of Iowa. All advertising men probably are familiar with the incident that concerns a well-known department store proprietor, noted for his bluntness of speech and his peppery temper, who walked into the office of his advertising manager one day to give orders regarding an advertisement in the next morning's dailies. The advertising manager was ill, and his new assistant, a young college man, was doing his best to keep things going.

"Young man," said the merchant, "I want you to stir up some interest in the waterproof-garment department. The fact is, we have a lot of rotten raincoats we've got to get rid of. They are shopworn, and some of them are cracked, and we'll sell them for little or nothing. Now we've got to get the people here to buy 'em. There are some good ones in the lot, but if we can't sell 'em we might as well dump 'em in the river."

The young man assured "the Boss" he knew exactly how to do it. Then the storm broke.

The next morning when the merchant opened his paper to read his store's advertisement for that day, he came pretty nearly having a fit, for on the page opposite the editorials was the raincoat advertisement, away across the page in bold black-face type, and it read this way:

"To tell the truth, we have a lot of rotten raincoats we've got to get rid of. They are shopworn, and some of them are cracked, and we will sell them for little or nothing."

Down went his fist on the table, rattling the dishes and spilling the coffee. He read on:

"There are some good ones in the lot, but if we can't sell them, we might as well dump them into the river."

Without waiting to eat breakfast, he jammed his hat close to his ears and started off downtown an hour ahead of his usual time, to discharge the youth who had written the advertisement. Red in the face, he headed straight for the advertising manager's office. His partner met him on the way, and asked:

"Do you know about the raincoats?"

"Do I know? Yes! I'm on my way to kick that fool out of this store."

"Then you don't know!" said his partner. "There was the biggest crowd in the raincoat department we ever had. Every garment was sold out thirty minutes after we opened this morning. That advertisement was a wonder. Seemed to please the people by its absolute frankness."

The merchant paused, and then turned his steps toward his office. He sent for the advertising man.

"Young man," he said, "how did it happen that you used my exact words in that advertisement this morning?"

"You told the truth so simply and directly that I couldn't improve on your way of saying it," was the answer.

"Well," said the merchant. "But you were right and I was wrong. You may run the advertising department in your own way from now on."

This house, says Mr. Armstrong, by way of comment, has ever since been known for the simplicity, frankness, and truthfulness of its advertising.

## Soup and Fish Philosophy

CARL H. CLAUDY

HOW much of an obligation am I under, as a Rotarian, to help a fellow-Rotarian who asks me for assistance?" The New Member shot the question at his table of five as soup was served.

There was a sudden silence. As one man the group turned eyes towards the oldest of the charter members of the club.

"And I was rather looking forward to that soup!" The Charter Member spoke regretfully. "How can a man

philosophize and eat soup at the same time?" He took a mouthful. "However, maybe the question is more important than my stomach. What kind of assistance?"

"You all honored me two months ago by making me a member," replied the New Member. "This morning a fellow-Rotarian came to my office. I saw him at once, although Rotary day is my busiest time. I never knew him before I joined. He talked generalities for a few minutes, then asked me to back his note for a thousand dollars. There is no reason why I should do so, except our common Rotarianism. I told him I'd let him know this afternoon."

There was an exchange of glances. "Bet I could name the chap who wanted to borrow," muttered one.

"Please don't." The New Member spoke quietly. "Courtesy to a Rotarian as well as business loyalty prevent me from injecting anything personal in this question of mine. Many of us have needed money in a hurry, and yet haven't wanted to tell the world about it. I do not question either the need or the entire responsibility of my fellow club member. I just want to know what Rotarian obligation, if any, there is for me to observe."

The Charter Member put down his soup spoon.

"It seems to me," he began slowly, "that the question has to be answered entirely on an impersonal basis. It's a matter of principle, not of persons. But before one can consider it intelligently, one has to have a pretty concrete idea of just what Rotary is . . . what Rotary means. If Rotary was wholly a matter of the individual . . . if Rotary were a cooperative society, in which I scratch your back and you scratch mine . . . if our 'service above self' means simply service to each other, then it would follow, as in any other close-bound organization of men banded together for mutual assistance, and mutual assistance only, that the obligation existed. But Rotary was not so planned, and Rotary is not such an individual matter."

"What's that got to do with this thousand dollar note Tom is asking about?" The interruption came from

the Stout Member who had successfully finished his soup.

"It's the glittering generality from which we will shortly take the pointed particular!" smiled the Charter Member, good naturedly. "Let me put it this way. We are all under obligation to serve each other, of course, but we are also under obligation to serve the world in which we live. Service, both to each other, and to the world, can best be rendered by making Rotary stand in the public mind for something noble and fine . . . for something sweet and clean and worthwhile in our own minds.

"I have a brother . . . blood brother, I mean. He sells furniture. I am fond of my brother. We have always been good friends. Naturally, when I want a new dining-room suite, I go to my brother for it. Jerry, there, who also sells furniture, has no chance to get my trade, because of this relationship. But that is not only because of the relationship, but because *other things are equal*. My brother Ellis sells, so I believe, as good a line of furniture as Jerry does. His prices are just as fair as Jerry's. And as long as I am treated as well, in quality, price, and service, the blood-tie will pull me to Ellis's store."

"Quite right, too," put in Jerry.

"BUT suppose Ellis was a different sort of furniture dealer. Suppose he sold shoddy goods at a high price. Or suppose he was piggish and sold the same goods Jerry sells, at a higher price. I would not then consider that my obligation to buy from my brother was as great as my obligation to my family, myself, and my business, to deal where I could get the best goods for a fair price.

"The Rotarian who says to his fellow-member 'deal with me because I am a fellow-Rotarian' misses the whole spirit of Rotary. The Rotarian who tries extra hard to favor a fellow-Rotarian, who for him puts a little extra value into his goods, his service, his interest, . . . who looks, in other words, not for a chance to *get*, but a chance to *give*, practices the 'service above self' which Rotary teaches. But that Rotarian will not only try to be better than others in goods and service for fellow-Rotarians . . . he will attempt to be better than others in goods and service for all other men. Not only because he knows that 'he profits most who serves best,' but because he has discovered that the greatest happiness, the best content and the truest satisfaction do come from putting service to others above personal profit."

"All that is mighty illuminating," cut in the Stout Member, "but I still don't see what it has to do with Tom's problem of a thousand dollars!"

"Coming to that in a moment," the Charter Member looked regretfully at the plate of soup removed to make way for fish. "You never saw a piece of string with only one end, did you? Service is not one-sided. Any transaction in which buyer and seller do not both profit is un-Rotarian. And any Rotarian who tries to take advantage of his Rotary membership for selfish reasons is not worthy the name.

"Some Rotarian has asked our friend here for a thousand dollars. . . . Oh, I know, all he wanted was a signature, but it may mean a thousand dollars. Let us suppose the asker is entirely honest, and that he will pay. Nevertheless, he requested the loan of a thousand dollars' worth of credit. The fact that there is no other relationship outside of their common membership in Rotary which would entitle the unknown to make such a request makes the question answer itself.

"In the light of my feeble attempt to voice the real spirit of Rotary, it seems to me that your unknown is trying to make use of Rotary for a wholly selfish end. Rotarians are supposed to be the leaders in their respective businesses. But to be a 'leader' means not necessarily to have the biggest business, or to make the biggest success, but to be the representative of the line . . . to be typical of the best that business, or that profession, affords.

"Such a leader would have credit at his bank. If he hasn't or if it is extended to the limit, he still would have credit among his old-time personal friends. If he passes these by, to come to a comparative stranger, with no other bond than a common membership, it seems to me he is not acting like a Rotarian. He is not putting service above himself, but himself above service. He is the negative, the shadow, the contrary, of true Rotary.

"Rotary, being a human institution, is not perfect. No club is better than the best judgment of those who compose its membership committee. No matter how diligent they are they must sometimes, in the nature of things, make a mistake. No organization of the size of ours can make itself perfect. Most of our mistakes rectify themselves, in time. A self-seeking man will not be happy in Rotary for very long. When he finds that he cannot use Rotary for selfish ends, that Rotary expects him to practice what it preaches, he drops out.

"I, too, I think, could name the man who came to you. He has tried the same thing before. I violate no confidence when I tell you that one man in this club, who has mistaken its purposes and tried to use it for selfish ends, will not be a member much longer. In the meantime . . ."

"Now we are getting at it!" inter-

rupted the Stout Member as the fish was removed. "What is Tom to do with this request for an indorsement?"

"In the meantime," went on the Charter Member, imperturbably, "I should answer that I needed all my credit in my own business, and suggest he apply to his bank. To do otherwise is not only to run the risk of injury, but to do harm to the organization. Rotary is bigger than the man. When a man thinks the contrary, and puts himself above it, it is the duty of every Rotarian to resist the ill he would do the club, the name, and the spiritual idea of service to mankind which is the heart of Rotary."

"Don't stop!" begged the New Member as the Charter Member paused.

"Among the other ideas for which Rotary stands," the Stout Member interrupted, "is lunch! This is a Rotary luncheon. Soup and fish have gone. Let our philosopher eat his roast, whether this table absorbs any more Rotary wisdom or not!"

"We've had something to digest with our minds," answered the New Member, "as well as our stomach, anyhow! And thank you!"

## Rotary as a Movement

By GEORGE E. HOWARD

President, Rotary Club of Butler, Pa.

TO Rotarians, Rotary means many things, yet, one, consciously or unconsciously, seeks to isolate some one central idea.

Rotary has been conceived as an organization, as a movement, as an organized protest against selfishness, as a moral phase, as an economic manifestation, etc. Probably it is all of these and therefore cannot be conceived as any one idea. A sense of values must determine the relative importance of these various things which in their total make Rotary.

Rotary as a movement is an outstanding characteristic, and a consideration from this angle will give much light on its purposes and scope. Fundamentally, a movement indicates life. Life necessarily implies continuity. Life and continuity imply growth and progress. Movement further indicates travel and, with growth, the covering of area or distribution.

Logically, then, Rotary in motion is essential to life, and the continuance of such life will cause its spread to all habitable areas of earth. This will be the ultimate outcome, the achievement of the sixth and final object of Rotary.

(Continued on page 57)



# Hotel Rooms at Ostend

*By Al Falkenhainer*

Member of the Convention Committee and Chairman of the Committee on Hotels

**N**OW that you have made up your mind to make that wonderful journey to Belgium and attend the Eighteenth Convention of Rotary International in Ostend next June, you may want to know something about hotel accommodations and about the plans which are being made for taking care of you during Convention week.

The Convention Committee decided at its very first meeting to allocate to each member of the committee some specific part of the work and a special sub-committee on hotels was appointed with one member in America, one in England, and one in Belgium. We were very fortunate in having Rotarian Wilfrid Andrews of England and Rotarian M. Kesteloot of Belgium accept appointment for service on this Committee on Hotels. This makes it possible to divide the Rotarians from whom we are to receive requests for room reservations, into three general groups with a member of the committee, conveniently located, representing each group.

Requests for hotel-room reservations will therefore be received in the three branch offices instead of trying to take care of them through one office.

The steamship reservations received by the Transportation Committee from Rotarians who have engaged passage on the Rotary Fleet are considered requests for room reservations, but Rotarians who expect to sail from North or South America in advance of the Rotary ships are asked to send their requests for room reservations direct to—

AL FALKENHAINER,  
Algona, Iowa.

Rotarians in the British Isles are asked to send their requests through their club secretaries to—

WILFRID ANDREWS,  
Margate, England.

Rotarians from the remaining countries of the Eastern Hemisphere are asked to send their requests through their club secretaries to—

DR. M. KESTELOOT,  
Ostend, Belgium.

All requests should be in the hands of the respective committee members before March 1st, 1927. In accordance with the provisions of Article VIII of the By-Laws of Rotary International, every requisition must be accompanied by a remittance of Ten Dollars per person, as a guaranty that the accommodations will be used. This guaranty de-

posit will be returned after the convention. The guaranty deposit of Rotarians sailing on the Rotary Fleet will be included in the payment made for passage.

On March 1st, or very soon thereafter, the Committee on Hotels will meet and act on the requisitions received in the three offices and will make definite room assignments. By having each of the three groups of Rotarians represented by its member on the Committee, it will be possible to arrange these reservations without giving undue preference to any one group.

The hotels in Ostend are under contract with Rotary International and will accept no room reservations except those which come through the Committee on Hotels. There are enough comfortable rooms available so that we will have satisfactory hotel accommodations for all.

Nearly all of the hotels are being opened for Rotary's use in advance of the usual season so that the Committee on Hotels will be able to notify you of the name of your hotel and also the number of the room you are to occupy.

The hotel men in Ostend have volunteered to supply us with tags for your baggage. These tags will have space for your name, the name of your hotel, and the number of your room, so that when you arrive in Ostend, you and your luggage can be transported from the train or the boat direct to your hotel and you can be shown to your room with very little delay or inconvenience.

All hotel contracts are for a period of six days, commencing Saturday, June 4th, and ending on Friday, June 10th. May 1st has been set for the last date on which cancellations of hotel contracts can be accepted. If, after that date, you find it impossible to use the accommodations you have contracted for, the committee will make every effort to secure a release for you, but unless such release is accomplished, the accommodations must be paid for. So much for the plans made for taking care of your hotel reservations.

**N**OW just a few words regarding the hotels themselves. When Past President Crawford McCullough made the preliminary arrangements with the host club, he reported that every one of the hotel men took occasion to tell him personally, "So far as hotels are concerned, Rotary International will never regret choosing Ostend for the 1927 Convention. We intend going further than the contracts to insure the comfort and pleasure of our Rotarian guests."

Ostend is known for its splendid hotels with their large and comfortable rooms, excellent service, and cuisine. From 10 per cent to 40 per cent of the rooms listed in the larger hotels are equipped with private baths, and there are plenty of guest bathrooms on each floor for the use of occupants of rooms without baths.

The average price of rooms will be from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day per person. About one-third must be added to these prices to cover government taxes and the customary tips to employees. Including the customary tips of ten per cent of room cost in the amount paid to the hotel will avoid the necessity for tipping employees individually during the week. All prices are fixed on the agreed exchange-rate basis of 25 Belgian francs to the U. S. dollar.

Meals will be of the very best quality and prices will be found very reasonable. A typical dinner served in the leading hotels in Ostend shows a price of from \$1.20 to \$1.60 for a menu which includes soup, fish, meat, poultry, sweetmeat, and fruit. Ostend is accustomed to taking care of large crowds during the season and the hotels, including the kitchens and dining-rooms, are to be manned with the force used in mid-season.

Although we believe there are enough rooms in the hotels of Ostend to take  
(Continued on page 38)

## BRANCH OFFICES

of the

Committee on Hotels

for receiving requests for  
hotel reservations.

For Western Hemisphere

Al Falkenhainer,  
Algona, Iowa.

For British Isles

Wilfred Andrews,  
Margate, England.

For other countries in  
Eastern Hemisphere

Dr. Michel Kesteloot,  
Ostend, Belgium.

# Employer and Employee Relationship

By C. D. Garretson

*Chairman of the Business Methods Committee of Rotary International*

**N**OW we come down to a direct discussion of this relationship, and, in order to discuss it intelligently, we must agree that the employee has a viewpoint as well as the employer. We must agree that the employer is not wholly right or wholly wrong, nor is the employee wholly right or wholly wrong in his viewpoint. Let us, therefore, look this relationship, as employers, right straight in the face.

Do you feel that the employee is only interested in getting his money, and as much of it as possible, Saturday night?

That he doesn't appreciate the struggle which you have to get business, so that you can give him work?

Do you feel that he is trying to do as little as possible, and get as much as possible for it?

Do you feel that he has you "where the hair is short" and is just making your life miserable out of sheer "cussedness," "but, oh, boy, if I ever get him where I want him, how I will get even with him."

If you feel that way about it, analyze carefully what you would do if all competition were withdrawn and you were the only one making your particular line of goods. If you are now making 5 per cent or 10 per cent on your sales, with this competition withdrawn, would you still continue to make that 5 per cent or 10 per cent, or would you get 20 per cent or 30 per cent?

Answer that question honestly and I believe that you will agree that your employee and yourself are both the same kind of man, and that you react the same to the same principles. The employee has not

thought through his problem, any more than has the employer, hence they are working more or less at cross purposes.

The employee wants, and needs, leadership; and that leadership should come from the employer but, in order to be a leader, one must submerge the selfish interest. Now then, if we are agreed that both the employer and the employee are actuated by the same motives and react alike, then isn't it very simple for the employer to treat the employee as he would like to be treated if he were in the employee's place—to be given the same opportunities to live better, to provide for old age and illness and for his family after his death, and to enjoy some of the luxuries of life with his family while he is here?

These are the things that the employer is working for too and isn't it good logic, therefore, for the employer and the employee to work together for these things? This will make for friendliness and goodwill, the two biggest assets of business and, with these two things, the time wasted in struggling between the employer and the employee will be eliminated. This will give more time for constructive work, and this constructive work will bring to fruition the very things that both the employer and the employee want.

This isn't preaching, it is just good business logic; thinking these problems through. To stimulate this thinking through of our business problems is why the programs on Business Methods are put on in our Rotary clubs.

Are you helping your committee by entering wholeheartedly into these programs.

**I** HAVE seen groups of highly successful business men honestly oppose the most obviously elementary steps toward conservative social betterment. For instance, it is obvious that the only hope of arriving at a constructive program of industrial relations is through cooperation, through the getting together of the leaders of the employing group and the leaders of the employed group. It is in the council chamber, not on the battlefield, that we shall resolve the conflicts of industry. Industrial peace will not come as the by-product of a fight, but as the result of industrial statesmanship.

—EDWARD A. FILENE.

# Toolmakers of a Bygone Age

## Flint-chipping Shows Man's Progress

By George L. Collie, Ph. D.

Curator of Logan Museum of Archaeology

**A**NCIENT man may be known, to a degree, by the tools he has left behind.

We do not often think of the importance of tools nor of the fact that man is the only tool-devising and tool-using animal on earth.

The earliest near-humans on the globe, probably, did not make tools of any kind, but when the first toolmaker appeared man began to sense the possibilities that lay hidden in the use of utensils and then man began his long upward climb in the conquest of nature and in the attainment of civilization. Man never could have won his place under the sun with the use of his bare hands; without the aid of tools and weapons he would have remained always an inefficient and helpless member of the animal kingdom. Some would change the specific name from *homo sapiens* to *homo faber*, not man the wise but man the toolmaker.

This article is an account of the artifacts left by the early men who once lived here upon the earth, the so-called Paleoliths or men of the old stone age. These people first appeared on the globe several hundred thousand years ago. They had a long, though an almost unknown history. They finally disappeared from view some fifteen or twenty thousand years ago, crowded out and dispossessed by more warlike and much more vigorous men.

These Paleoliths did not know the use of metal. They utilized stone and the more fragile wood, bone, horn, teeth, and shell, which they found in their environment. On account of the perishable nature of the materials used little remains save the articles made of stone.

It is on their use and treatment of stone that we must rely, in no small

way, for an understanding of their mode of life, their skill, and their technical ability.

The earliest known creature that can be regarded as human is *Pithecanthropus*, an ape-like man, who had his day a half-million years ago. His mental powers were relatively feeble, and it is questionable whether he knew enough to think out the problem of tool use or if he did whether he had the skill and coordination necessary to make them. It is true that in his period and

in asserting that they are artificial in origin and that they must have been shaped by human hands.

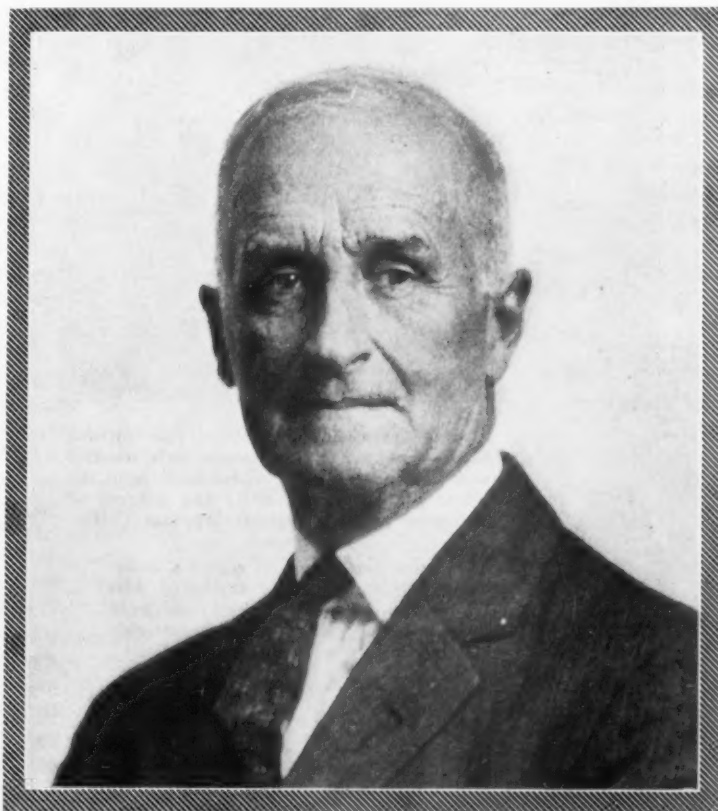
If these eoliths are a product of nature then *Pithecanthropus* made no tools; on the other hand if they are artificial it is entirely possible that this interesting creature made them, at least those found near his scanty remains. But it is probable that *Pithecanthropus* did not shape them, and hence he was not human in the sense that he was a toolmaker. He may, however, have

used these suggestively shaped stones as weapons to be hurled or even as tools, and thus he might have been a tool-user, even though not a toolmaker.

**D**ISMISSING this much-discussed but little-known ape-man, we turn to the much later Chellean man, whose period on earth may be set down as about 150,000 years ago. Little is known definitely about this man so far as his anatomy is concerned and there has been much discussion, without definite conclusion, over such remains as we have of him. This much may be said of him definitely that he knew how to make tools, for there can be no question of human workmanship on the hand hatchets or coup-de-poing, which are fairly abundant in the Chellean deposits.

These tools are pear-shaped as a rule, and they show no little planning in regard to

design and form. One end of the tool is left rounding and thick, furnishing a good hand hold. The other end is brought to a point with fairly sharp cutting edges. The idea of hafting tools had not entered the Chellean's mind, but he did realize that in order to save his hand from bruises or cuts, as he used the tool, he must have a thick, smooth, rounded end for



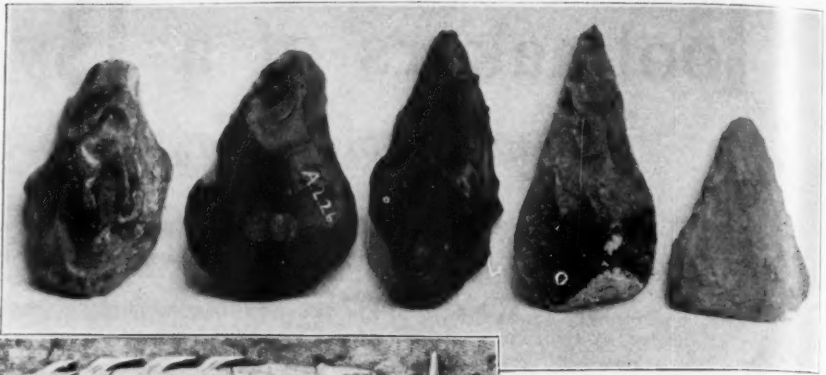
Rotarian George L. Collie, curator of Logan Museum, Beloit College, was born in Delavan, Wisconsin. He was graduated from Beloit in 1881; and received his doctorate at Harvard in 1893. Studies in geology and anthropology have taken him around the world.

even long before, rudely shaped flints have been found which suggest the possibility of human workmanship. There is, however, no agreement among the students of pre-history as to the artificial character of these so-called "eoliths." A majority of investigators believe them to be the result of natural forces acting upon the flint nodules through the ages. Others are vehement

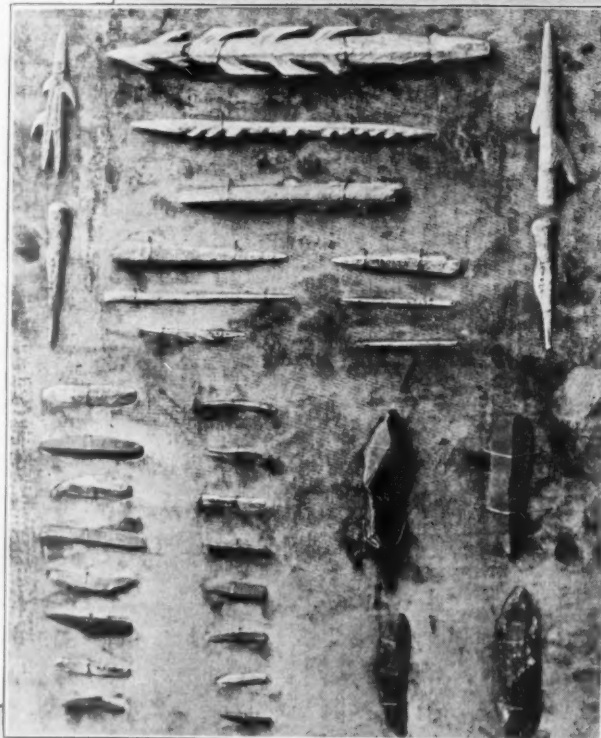


grasping. The edges of the tool are zig-zag because the maker knocked off the flakes in alternate fashion, first from one side and then from the other. It was a generalized tool used probably for cutting, chopping, and for skinning game. It served, too, as a weapon in all probability. It cannot be regarded as a very effective tool, but it made a very good beginning. We may well take off our hats to these Chelleans for their far-reaching and mighty invention of a cutting tool. They, of course, did not realize its significance. They were impelled to its invention by necessity, and yet in that invention lay the germ of our civilization.

Tools have blazed the way to our pre-eminence over all other animals and the Chellean man took the first step on the long, long trail, which has led us thus far. In many respects no greater invention has ever been made than that brought forth by these crude savages of the long ago. They arrived at the idea very slowly. It was not a sudden inspiration, for we find in Pre-Chellean deposits some clumsy attempts to fashion tools. It took them a long time to arrive at the stage where they could make a coup-de-poing, but they finally accomplished the feat.



These five primitive daggers represent one of the earliest efforts at toolmaking. The three at the left are Chellean, the two on the right Acheulean. (Logan Museum Collections.)



Above—the upper section of this picture shows bone and horn harpoons, awls, needles and bodkins of the Magdalenian age; the lower portion shows drills and graters of the same period. (Logan Museum Collections.)



These three Aurignacian scrapers show the improved technique of the Cro-Magnon race. (Logan Museum Collections.)

Following the Chellean in the chronology of the prehistoric is the Acheulean. This period is set off from the prior one not because a new race of men appear, but rather by the appearance of greatly improved tools. These tools are better made, more shapely, thinner, and straight-edged. Man is learning to handle stone more scientifically and effectively; there is a wider range of form, called forth probably by the

In the circle (left to right) a bone-compressor, showing marks of flint tools upon it; a scraper; an awl; and some drill points—all Aurignacian. (Logan Museum Collections.)



demand for more uses as the wants of man multiplied and his needs increased.

The next period is the Mousterian. The cave man or the Neanderthal man was the representative human being of the time. Physically he was an ugly-looking specimen. He was an aberrant sort of an individual, who seemed to be out of place even in crude society.

Yet we owe much to him in various ways and particularly in connection with tool manufacture. While earlier men had used rather clumsy tools, he began using large flakes, which he struck off from the flint cores by a single blow. These flakes were more effective as cutting implements and they were more easily and quickly made. They resembled knives and were probably used as such, but in addition these people made scrapers for dressing skins, rude awls for punching holes in skins and other tools. He was enabled to make these better tools because of his invention of the art of chipping flint. This is a process by which small chips are removed by the use of pressure with a bone chipping tool. This piece-meal process enabled the worker to make more accurate and exact tools. It was an improvement over the old-time and haphazard method of percussion with a stone hammer. In addition to this the Mousterian worker took pains to shape the cores from which he struck off his flakes. By removing the regularities on the flint nodule, he obtained a fairly smooth, polygonal core and from (Cont'd on page 54)

# "What Shall I Read?"

*Here are six recent books that merit attention*

*By L. E. Robinson*

**L**IKE a merchant buying his season's goods, a librarian looks forward expectantly to the autumn's offerings. The fall lists have been opulent with interesting titles. Contrary to my taste and habit, I am beginning this month's reviews with a novel. It is "The World of William Clissold" (George H. Doran Company). Many readers will resent the author's insistence upon calling this book a novel; but I find no other classification for it. Its leading character, William Clissold, speaking throughout autobiographically, represents his creator's "point of view." This H. G. Wells admits. Both in style and content this novel is the most important and interesting which the much-productive Mr. Wells has written. It is an outline of wide-ranging ideas, giving climax to the author's previous strivings in this direction. The book is as greatly challenging as it is stimulating to intellectuals, for whom the author frankly hints that he writes. Mr. Wells is intellectual. He writes, as anyone familiar with his books may know, with an abundant knowledge.

This book contains a hundred ideas that will provoke the reader's reactions, sometimes with revulsion, sometimes with surprise, and even with a certain sympathy with those criticisms which are probably conceived by the author or by Clissold as rare insight. Americans, used to criticism will enjoy what Mr. Clissold thinks of them. The twofold interest of the book lies in Clissold's dreary experience with women—with his unsuccessful marriage and subsequent liaisons and his reason therefor during his "whim-borne" career—and in his idealization of future economic welfare through the emergence of present social, industrial, and political tendencies in a World Republic. Two volumes are required for the detailing of Clissold's sixty years of exuberant experience, at the end of which he reaches the peak of his developing sophistication, in sight of his maturing vision of the service of those super-intellectuals upon whom will rest the direction of industry, if society is to be saved from self-destruction. Mr. Clissold sees tendencies that make him hopeful. There are frank estimates of living contemporaries, satirical and appreciative, a feature of the book incidental to its major ideas.

Of course, the doctrine of government and industry under the eventual control of superior men is as old as Plato; but it is by no means trite. It has often erupted in the progress of human thought. Mr. Wells expertly links up Clissold's calmly developing economic invention with a philosophy of love, an experience his hero believes to be an artificial culture common to women and not a reality; an emotion which the society of the future will reduce to its proper position of rational freedom for mating purposes. This, too, is not an especially novel idea in human speculation. But with Clissold it is subtly cynical. Those who recoil from Clissold's ideas of women will point to the restriction of his contacts to women of inferior morals; to his lack of association with any of that multitude of women of high-minded, self-contained character, ability, usefulness, and charm, with whom most normal men count it a blessing to associate, both

for inspiration and happiness, on equal terms. They will point also to Clissold's gradual, half-acknowledged transformation as he comes, almost imperceptibly, to discover his acquisition of a genuine affection for Clementina, while he weakens in his struggle to interpret the new experience as a decision to marry her merely out of obligation. Mr. Wells' portrayal of this decision and its emotional perturbation, delicately forshadowing the forthcoming tragedy that is to snuff out the lives of the pair, on the threshold of belated happiness, is masterful. Clissold sacrifices himself and his lover in an automobile accident to save a little girl who suddenly stood, paralyzed with fear, in front of his car upon the high road. In an epilogue Clissold's brother finishes the story. Mr. Wells writes this new book in the most distinguished style he has thus far accomplished. It is a fictional autobiography, a story of social tragedy, in which, to my way of thinking, the hero is unbalanced merely by his ignorance of the finer spiritual values of human life.

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## Books Reviewed This Month

### THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD

*By H. G. Wells*

George H. Doran Company,  
New York

### THE NATURE OF THE WORLD AND OF MAN

*By Sixteen Scientists*

University of Chicago Press,  
Chicago

### SMOKY

*By Will James*

Charles Scribner's Sons, New  
York

### THE STORY OF MEXICO

*By Helen Ward Banks*

Frederick A. Stokes Com-  
pany, New York

### WHAT PRICE PROGRESS?

*By Hugh Farrell*

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New  
York

### THE DESK REFERENCE BOOK

*By William Dana Orcutt*

Frederick A. Stokes Com-  
pany, New York

**N**EVER in human history has knowledge been so rapidly accumulated and so easily democratized as in our day. One readily recalls the proverb, "The prudent are crowned with knowledge." There has never been such a spectacle of cooperation among men to make the best knowledge available to others. One of many instances in point is "The Nature of the World and of Man," an admirable volume of information upon which sixteen members of the scientific faculties of the University of Chicago have collaborated (University of Chicago Press). I should like to see this readable volume placed in the book collection of every reading household and exposed to every member of the family. It will doubtless find its way into every library. It is a book which shows how much we are beginning to learn about this interesting world of nature, and concludes with what we are beginning to learn about its most interesting subject of study, the mind of man. A summary of our present knowledge of astronomy is given and adequately illustrated by very excellent recent photographs of the moon-surface, of star-clouds in the milky way, of 100,000 suns in the Great Hercules cluster, photographed with the 100-inch reflector.

(Continued on page 60)

# Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

## Spencer M. Free—Who Celebrates 2500 Birthdays

By Charles St. John

WHEN, in the middle of the Christmas rush, you paused to dash after the one or two more cards for people you had not thought of before, it doubtless seemed that this greeting thing implied more or less work and worry. Of course you were glad to get those cards—but still you could not quite ignore the effort involved. Then you remembered that somewhere you had read that the average citizen only uses 50 or less of such greetings; and that many a business or professional man would find 250 sufficient for his needs. So you worried along—and bought a few more.

This sketch concerns a man who personally selects 2500 birthday cards each year and sends them out to all parts of the world—and this man has not retired, but is a busy surgeon who somehow manages to devote some time to lecturing and verse writing as well.

Nor is this all. Two or three times while attending the international conventions of Rotary I have observed a compactly built chap down in the front row, a man who did not seem to miss a word of the addresses, who came early and stayed late. I am told that Dr. Free takes just as keen interest in the other associations to which he belongs, and "Who's Who in America" lists him as a member of four fraternal and four professional groups, not to mention political and other associations.

How does he do it? One suspects that his own verse is the best answer—things like this:

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,

The touch of your hand and mine,  
Which means far more to the fainting heart  
Than shelter and bread and wine;

For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,  
And bread lasts only a day,

But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice  
Sing on in the soul alway.

The human touch—that is what Dr. Spencer Michael Free enjoys giving. It may be the surgeon's probing or the painless pat on the shoulder, but if it benefits someone he gives it. Hence his many activities, and hence also the affectionate regard of his fellows in DuBois, Pennsylvania, where he has lived for 34 years.

He was born in New Freedom, Pa., on Sept. 19th, 1856. At fifteen he entered Dickinson Seminary at Williams-

port, Pa., and went on to Ohio Wesleyan University. During his terms there he taught natural philosophy, chemistry, Latin and algebra besides taking active interest in literary and forensic societies. He was awarded his M. A. by Ohio Wesleyan in 1880. In the same year he was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, being one of eleven students whose work merited hospital appointment.

After a year as resident physician at the Maryland Maternity Hospital he began private practice at Daguerre Mines, Pa. In 1882 he married May Irene Elway of Altoona, Pa. His wife and two of their four children have since passed on.

In 1886-87 Dr. Free did post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins University, then returned to private practice at Beech Tree, Pa., from which place he moved to DuBois, where he has lived ever since. In addition to an extensive practice he was inspector for the State Board of Health for twenty years, and served three consecutive terms as Vice-President of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society. As President of the DuBois Council he helped to bring music to the public schools. He also directed a church choir and a Sunday school orchestra himself, and for 25 years taught a men's Bible class. The country club and the local Rotary club knew him as an organizer. He was the first president of the latter. Between whiles he developed himself as lecturer and poet, winning national reputation among medical students by lectures on medical ethics and economics, and also working toward the publication of a volume of verse in 1925.

When America went into the World War, Dr. Free felt that his skill would



Photo: Wallinger.

Some folks describe Dr. Spencer M. Free as "the best loved man in Rotary." But his interests are not limited to any one organization, for this busy surgeon of DuBois, Pennsylvania, selects 2500 birthday cards each year—and the recipients are people in every walk of life.

be very useful in field hospitals. The authorities, however, thought otherwise—and despite all Dr. Free could do at Washington he was not able to get overseas. As compensation he was given one of the hardest jobs at home, and as president of the local Draft Board, leader in Red Cross activities, he did a great deal for the boys in France.

Later years found him undertaking new responsibilities. Besides serving on the surgical staffs of large railroads he became so deeply interested in philanthropic activities that it is safe to say he was connected with half the charitable organizations in his town.

But, though Dr. Free is proud of these things which he has accomplished since he was a member of that first class at Johns Hopkins, he is greatly taken with the possibilities of his self-imposed mission of kindness. It is a real mission, as was expressed recently in a long editorial appearing in the *Evening Times of Warren, Pennsylvania*. After quoting other instances where Dr. Free had capitalized the psychological moment and re-modelled careers, the editor adds:

(Continued on page 48)





## AMONG OUR LETTERS



### Counterpart?

TO THE EDITOR:

I was much amused in reading the letter from our Scotch brother, George Valentine, who prides himself on being free from sectional religious prejudice and also upon his historical knowledge.

Whether his point relative to the definition of Rotary is well taken or not is not the purpose of this letter. It is rather to point out to George that his historical knowledge is very defective. I am quite familiar with the sources of religious knowledge and as yet have been unable to find the "Golden Rule" in any other place than the New Testament, and according to my information the first one to utter the "Golden Rule" was the Carpenter of Nazareth, to whom Mr. Van Amburgh properly credits it.

Come on, George, and let us have your "Golden Rules" and if you can produce one which is the counterpart of the one assigned to the Carpenter of Nazareth, I will take off my hat to you.

J. H. VATCHER.

Port Huron, Mich.

### Why Have a Rotary Club?

I happened to pick up the March issue of THE ROTARIAN of this year and I noticed the article entitled, "Why Have a Rotary Club?" by Hugh A. Baker, a prominent attorney of Idaho. The author also asks this question, "Is Rotary a clearing house for welfare work—or what?"

The author says, "The average man in a community knows nothing of Rotary's Six Objects, or its Code of Ethics. The public's idea of what a Rotary club hopes to do must be based upon what they see or hear. What are those ideas? They have reached the conclusion the club has come to bless and not to curse. They know only that the membership is composed of one man from each business or profession; that the club meets only once a week; holds a meeting at which the members seem to enjoy themselves. They probably know, too, that the club has adopted as its motto, 'He profits most who serves best,' that it takes an interest in things affecting the community; that it makes an effort to smooth the road for the crippled child, to give him an equal chance; that it takes a great interest in boys' work." He also says, "Isn't

that a fair statement of the average man's idea of a Rotary Club?" To the casual reader that isn't such a bad conception.

He also says, "If Rotary's principal obligation to a community is to do special or relief work, there is no reason for a club, no reason for the Six Objects, no reason for the Code of Ethics and no justification for the classification rule. Without these there is nothing unique to Rotary's organization. Societies have been functioning along this same line long before Rotary began and they devote their entire time and energy to such work. It is their business. If to make a crippled child correct in figure or to make a boy a better man is Rotary's ideal, how can we justify our classification plank? What right have I to say that I have any greater interest in correcting the deformities of a crippled child than any other attorney in my community? What right have we to assume management and exclude others well qualified and into whose hearts would come as much joy as comes to us from doing it? What right has any member to say that 'This work should be done by an organization of restricted membership, in which he alone represents his business or classification? There's enough envy, enough suspicion of Rotary clubs without adding that which would come from attempting to dominate an activity in which all men have or should have as much interest as Rotarians. To me, the author seems to contradict himself when he says 'that it is the duty of individuals to be interested in this class of work and it is not the work of a Rotary club.'"

The real thought that he tries to leave with us is, that the object of a Rotary club is to improve business conditions, and to elevate the standards and methods of doing business in your particular community.

If this were the only object of a Rotary club could it have made the progress and enlisted the help of thousands of business men throughout the world? I, for one, question it very much.

In contrast to Hugh A. Baker's article, I offer the editorial comment, entitled, "Who Did More?" on page 42 of the last issue of THE ROTARIAN. In the first two paragraphs the editor is referring to the exceptionally noble work be-

ing done by some Rotary clubs in behalf of the crippled children in their respective communities.

There is no question but what we have some exceptionally fine articles pertaining to Rotary in the various issues of THE ROTARIAN. A variation of thought is without doubt good at times where the main thought does not clash. It does appear to me that where the thought in articles clash that it has a tendency to leave the reader in a more confused and uncertain condition. If our own leaders clash and are uncertain upon questions pertaining to the philosophy of Rotary, its objects, its principles, etc., it is no more than natural that the rank and file will also be left in a muddle.

ALEX UNGER.

President of Rotary Club, Muskogee, Okla.

### Importance of Attendance

EDITOR, THE ROTARIAN:

May I have just a little space to discuss recent comments that I have read in regard to attendance.

I cannot but heartily disagree with the contention that "attendance" in Rotary should not be emphasized so much. I have tried to be a student in Rotary. I have tried to analyze the why and wherefore of this great movement. I have seen Rotary in different communities deteriorate into mere luncheon clubs with little interest or enthusiasm, all because of the fact that attendance was *not* stressed in any way.

It is my firm conviction that the very foundation of this movement is "attendance;" Attendance as nearly perfect as it can be made. Last year our club attained a record of thirty-eight consecutive 100 per cent meetings. This record was broken by one of those fellows who was just "too busy," to attend. He has since dropped from the club. He did not like to be chastised, in fact he was never sold on Rotary.

I am sure our own district governor would be very much disappointed if the clubs in the second district should cease to emphasize attendance. Any full-grown man dislikes to be kept in after school, but if he is a real Rotarian and interested as he should be, he will lose no sleep over that phase of it.

G. L. DUMMIT.

Compton, Calif.



# EDITORIAL COMMENT

## *Golden Rule Sunday*

THE recurrence of this day reminds one that it is, like Christmas and Armistice Day, one of our few international observances. There is a certain similarity in these three occasions, stressing as they do, humanity's hope of relief from its own passions.

Originally an outcome of the World War, the Near East Relief was at one time caring for more than 100,000 orphans and is still providing for 35,000. The elemental needs of food and clothing, though still present, have been met to an extent which permits a broadening of the program. It is now planned to make these children self-supporting at sixteen, to teach them trades, and to give them some measure of education. Needless to say such methods are likely to have their effect on the future of the Near East, long known as the background for numerous wars and massacres.

To this cause we are asked to devote, on December 5th, the difference in price between such simple fare as these children receive—and our own usual Sunday dinner. "He gives twice who gives quickly" is a significant quotation to remember on such occasions. Amidst our holiday pleasures, let us not forget these children who are paying the price of life and health through no fault of their own.

## *"Slowly You Go Far"*

THIS significant statement has been inscribed on a monument dedicated to reckless driving by Rotarians of Lima, Peru. Reposing on an ample pedestal is a demolished automobile, product of someone who thought he was in a hurry.

Such reminders serve an excellent purpose. Road-side crosses always stay an inclination to step on the gas. A cemetery to right or left of a ribbon of highway unreeling under one's car, always acts as a deterrent to one who would take a chance.

There are those who apparently neither give thought or care to their own or the other man's safety. The toll of fatalities has become so great that in many countries automobile associations and other organizations are beginning to realize its tragic importance. Every serious suggestion looking toward a remedy should have careful consideration.

In the United States several suggestions have been presented recently by those studying the problem: that no one be permitted to drive a motor vehicle without a license to do so; that applicants for operators' licenses be compelled to produce a physician's certificate that they have no disqualifying defects of legs or arms; that they meet certain standards of vision, mentality, and heart action. Actual tests of one's ability to drive a motor car before he is granted an operator's license are already in effect in more than one state. Widened arterial highways into cities is partly solving the problem, at least mitigating the number of accidents due to

traffic congestion. Another suggestion that merits consideration is that of compulsory insurance.

With the tremendous increase in motor vehicles some relief must come soon, else careful drivers will suddenly find themselves paying the penalty for the careless few. Rights and privileges disabused usually results in legislation that takes away the privileges of those who are careful and law abiding. For example it is not inconceivable that those who like the thrill that comes from driving in the country might find that their pleasure has been curtailed to a maximum speed of twenty-five miles an hour by means of a governor on their car—the product of some over-zealous law-maker. That is usually the kind of penalty paid for the abuse of rights and privileges.

## *True Patriotism*

RECENTLY we were asked to define the true patriot. Here is our definition which may or may not be good and is not likely to be popular:

The true patriot is the man who would place beside every printed report of a patriotic speech an equal amount of material detailing the preventable disease, the crime and the illiteracy of his country—and give his son both records to peruse, after reading them carefully himself. He may never wear a uniform nor hold a government post—but he does honest work which enhances the reputation of his country abroad. He may never go to church—but he practices tolerance and charity both at home and abroad. He may never have an estate worth mentioning—but neither does he talk as though he had invented the scenery and provided the natural resources of his native land. He is, in short, a very unassuming person with a healthy self-respect, a minister without portfolio, an ambassador without embassy, and a patriot without pretense.

## *The Delicatessen Complex*

COLUMNISTS of the western world have long had their jokes about the home where the can-opener is the best cook. Canned oratory, canned opinions, canned personalities, canned newspapers, canned figures, canned costumes are only a few of the possible subjects awaiting the attention of the wits—or already receiving pointed gibes. Admitting that the canning process often makes for the consumer's convenience and the producer's economy, one wonders if a little more home cooking might not be a relief?

True, the home product might be inferior in some ways and messy in some others. But at any rate we should know pretty well what went into the pot. Also people sit down with better appetites to food which they have helped to prepare. Lest some weary housewife contradict us on this point, we had better add that "helped" does not necessarily mean "slaved."

It is good domestic science that puts the spoon in a handier place than the can-opener.

# ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

## Subscribe \$5,750 Toward Civic Center Purchase

BERKELEY, CALIF.—The voters of this town were recently asked to support a movement for a civic center. When the meeting of the local Rotary club was held it seemed as though the necessary two-thirds majority for a bond issue of this kind had not been secured. Nothing daunted the Rotarians who are keenly interested in the plan for a more attractive town started a fund to purchase the civic center property. Subscriptions totalling \$5,750 were secured, and it is thought that other organizations will join in.

## German Professor Says Isolation Is Not Practical

URBANA, ILL.—Dr. M. J. Bonn, professor in the College of Commerce at the University of Berlin is giving a lecture course at the University of Illinois. In a recent address before the Rotary Club of Urbana Dr. Bonn pointed out that Europe and America were so closely linked by economic and financial

ties that the idea of American isolation was a practical impossibility. Europe, said Dr. Bonn, is not only America's best customer in world trade but there is probably as much of America's private capital as of its government capital invested in European enterprises.

## Something New In Inter-City Meetings

PIQUA, OHIO.—To this city comes the distinction of holding the first inter-city rural-urban meeting. On October 19th Rotarians of Miami County each invited a farmer friend to a dinner at Piqua. The address of welcome was made by Oliver J. Icklider, president of Piqua Rotary; and was responded to by A. M. McClung, president of Troy Rotary, and C. W. Calland, president of the Tippecanoe City Club. The main feature of the meeting was the address of Rotarian Fred Kammiller of Dubuque, Iowa, who spoke on "Selling Friendship." Credit is also due Will S. Garbry of Piqua, who listed the farmers of the county and saw that each received an invitation.

## Club Meeting Waived In Favor of Dedication

KANSAS CITY, MO.—There was no meeting of Kansas City Rotary on Armistice Day; the meeting scheduled for that day being waived so that members might attend the dedication of their war memorial. This memorial, which follows the idea of the "pillar of cloud" of the Scripture, was dedicated by President Coolidge as the bells rang eleven. Appropriate ceremonies were arranged on an impressive scale.

## Back Swimming-Pool And Save Lives

SALEM, OREGON.—Because of a deficit in the city budget the Salem council failed to make any provision for summer playgrounds. Immediately local Rotarians went to work and in less than half a day had raised nearly \$1,000 cash. Three trained directors and a life guard were secured from the State university by cooperation of the playground committee and the local Y. M. C. A. Fifteen of the twenty directors



Westfield, New Jersey, has no navigable water—but plenty of model yachts. In 1922 the local Rotary club instituted an annual model yacht regatta. The idea was so enthusiastically received that in 1925 other associations were asked to help in the management. At the 1926 regatta there were a record number of entries, and two of the five classes were limited to boats made and sailed by local youngsters. One class competed for the Rotary challenge cup, on which the winner's name is engraved, and which stays in the possession of his school till the next regatta. The "midget" class provided much fun, as the overall hull measurement could not exceed 14 inches.



of the latter institution are Rotarians. The city playground had the best attendance in its history. An unused mill stream was dammed to make a swimming-pool in which 165 boys and girls learned to pass their first swimming-test. No drowning fatalities were reported though previously from two to four such deaths occurred in the vicinity each year.

#### *Send Girls To Summer Camp*

MEDICINE HAT, ALBERTA.—Last year the Rotary Club of Medicine Hat paid transportation expenses, supplied tents and cooking utensils for two parties of girls bound for a summer camp forty miles away. In the summer of 1926 the club supplied similar equipment and advanced \$75 towards the transportation of another group of twenty-seven girls organized by the Salvation Army. These camp parties were promoted in addition to the regular program of the club which includes boys work of different kinds.

#### *Hallowe'en Frolic Brings Funds For Boys Work*

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.—Local Rotarians arranged the Hallowe'en Frolic which provided entertainment on the evenings from Oct. 25th to Oct. 30th. The object was to secure funds for the boys work started one year ago last summer when 60 lads were sent to camp for two weeks. Then during the fall and winter of 1925 a Newsboys Club was formed with about 70 members meeting each Saturday night. The boys spent two or three hours at the Y. M. C. A. where they had competent instruction in swimming, gymnastics, and games, followed by lunch and a talk by a Rotarian. This took a good deal of financing—hence the Hallowe'en Frolic.

For the Frolic, an arena was rented and about twenty booths were erected at which appropriate articles were sold. Over 10,000 paid the ten cents admission and the dance floor was continually filled—the participants paying five cents for each dance. On the last night a parade of 400 costumed revelers led by a pipe band marched from the Y. M. C. A. to the arena where competent judges awarded cash prizes for the best costumes.

On the following Monday evening the club had its annual Ladies Night to which those who had helped with the Frolic were invited. Sid McMichael, former district governor, was the guest of honor and made a fine address on "Rotary Ethics."

#### *Trophy For School With Most Swimmers*

BROMLEY, ENGLAND.—The Rotary Club of Bromley awards trophies for the Elementary Schools Swimming Association under the following conditions:

1. That at the commencement of the season the Head Master (or Mistress) of each school attending the baths for swimming instruction shall render a return showing by name the pupils who will so attend.

2. Immediately prior to the swimming vacation the Head Master (or Mistress) shall submit a list of all scholars who have learned to swim during that season, such list to contain only the names of scholars who can swim 20 yards.

3. That immediately after the submission of the list, a date be fixed when the scholars included in the list shall attend the baths and swim over the dis-

tance in the presence of a member of the Education Committee.

4. After all schools have completed their swim-over, a list shall be prepared by the Clerk to the Education Committee showing the percentage of swimmers to the number attending for instruction, and the trophies be awarded to the schools with the largest percentages.

#### *Employees and Firemen Attend This Luncheon*

PASADENA, CALIF.—Some startling figures were given by the local fire chief at a joint meeting of Pasadena Rotarians and employees of W. L. Leishman, at whose plant the meeting was held. The fire chief, who made one of the two addresses on the subject of fire prevention, said that in the last fifty years America's population had increased 150 per cent and the fire losses had increased 606 per cent. "Since the world war we have lost more people by fire than the United States lost in that war, and 75 per cent of these deaths were of women and children," said the chief. "In the last four years it cost us over four millions of dollars for fire protection in Pasadena. The education of children in fire protection should be made part of the public-school courses."

As a demonstration of the value of sprinkler systems, one of the sprinkler heads in the plant was tapped, and a local engine company made a record run in response to the alarm.

#### *When Were You Born?*

HONOLULU, HAWAII.—The local Rotary Club has an interesting plan for promoting friendship among members. First the club was divided into groups according to the month in which the respective members were born, and each group selected its own chairman. These twelve chairmen comprise a general committee under a general chairman named by the club president, and one director is also on this general committee.

The activities of the twelve groups are:

First—Each group prepares and presents the programs for the month represented by that group.

Second—Each group cultivates better acquaintance among its own members.

Third—Each group is responsible for the education of those new members assigned to it, and for improving the Rotary knowledge of old members. To carry

(Continued on page 38)



Photo by "The Star."

When Johannesburg, South Africa, celebrated its fortieth birthday recently there was a monster pageant. One of the many striking floats in the pageant was this of the local Rotary club, which expresses the cosmopolitan character of the organization.

THE annual question is in everybody's mind. The annual gift list is in everybody's pocket. Here is just the right present for son or daughter, for best friend, for close business associate—in fact

# A Gift for Everybody

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It may be selected with the assurance that it is the recognized leader—in sales and popularity. It meets every requirement of personal writing. It is the world's lightest writing machine with standard keyboard—tips the scales at only 8½ pounds net. And it is the most compact of all typewriters—fits in a carrying case only four inches high.

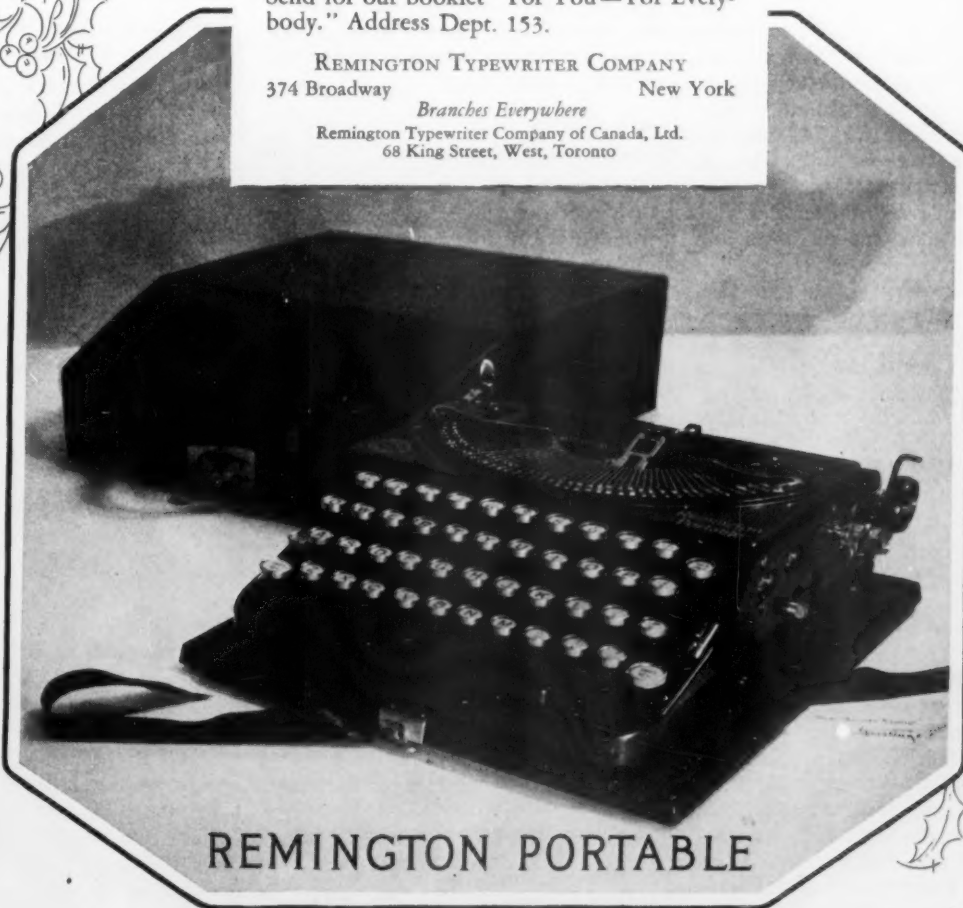
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# Typewriters

A MACHINE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

## Hotel Rooms at Ostend

(Continued from page 27)

care of our estimated attendance, a large number of rooms have been listed in the splendid hotels in the suburban communities only fifteen-minutes' ride away. A large number of rooms in Class A "pensions" (boarding houses) have also been listed for our use. These "pensions" are all registered at the City Hall and classified by the City Inspector according to location and accommodations, and only those of Class A are

being accepted. Many Rotarians experienced in European travel are requesting that they be assigned to rooms in Class A "pensions," where the price per day will include the cost of meals.

No attempt has been made to go into details in this article, as a folder containing more definite information is being sent to every club secretary and to those Rotarians who have already indicated that they expect to attend the

convention. Your Committee on Hotels will welcome every opportunity to be of service to you and to help make your stay in Ostend a most pleasant one.

Not only the hotel men and citizens of Ostend, but all Belgium looks upon this coming event as a wonderful opportunity for demonstrating to the world why Belgium is known for its hospitality and Ostend as the "Queen of Watering places," and all will welcome you in the true spirit of Rotary.

## Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 36)

on these phases each group is supposed to hold round table meetings which are occasionally attended by members of the club's education committee.

Fourth—Each group appoints a "minute man." If the club secretary or president desire quick communication with all members of a group they get in touch with this "minute man" who communicates the message to all in his group.

Fifth—The group chairman checks the attendance of members and takes such action as seems advisable.

The club secretary states that this group plan is working well and that it is likely to become a permanent feature of the club's organization, the group chairmen to be changed annually.

### Coaxing Out The Unknown Orator

LYNN, MASS.—The Rotary club of this city is making various "discoveries." Some time back it was found that their "home talent" orchestra was a fine aid to attendance. Since then the club has been "discovering" new talent for other program features. Nearly every Rotary club has been surprised to find that some of the members least given to oratory are none the less capable of delivering a good message. To explore these possibilities further, the Lynn program committee wrote out on cards the names of some fifty members who had not been much in evidence. Four "easy" topics were announced several meetings ahead and all members were warned that on a certain day there would be four-minute speeches from those whose names were drawn.

On the fateful date an ex-minister and a very active clergyman were told off to handle the cards. They rifled

them skillfully, and six unknown orators were induced to ascend the platform. With due hesitancy, apologies, blushes, etc., the six got started—and surprised themselves as well as their audience by delivering good straightforward talks. By unanimous vote the club decided that more efforts of the same type should be made from time to time.

### Small Club Handles Big Program

CAMDEN, N. J.—On Armistice Day Camden Rotarians about 100 strong made a peaceful invasion of the meeting-place of Philadelphia brethren, met no resistance, proceeded to put the Philadelphians through their paces. Philadelphians submitted meekly; found the procedure rather interesting; grew enthusiastic as the special program continued; became vociferous when, after an eloquent address by the Rev. Ed Hann of Camden; lights blinked out, a spotlight stabbed the air, sought the stage, revealed the Capt. R. C. Thoires Post of the American Legion standing at attention as the curtains parted. The veterans remained while Camden Rotarians paid appropriate tribute with "Christ in Flanders."

This successful handling of a large club's program by a small club promises to lead to further friendly exchanges, may inspire other small clubs to like ambitious efforts providing they can find submissive victims.

### Something New In Monuments

LIMA, PERU.—"Slowly you go far" is the significant inscription on a monument in this city. The monument, which consists of a wrecked automobile mounted on a large, square pedestal, is an attempt by Peruvian Rotarians to emphasize the loss of life due

to speeding. It might well be duplicated elsewhere, since statistics show that one such accident occurs in the United States every half-hour; and the record for Great Britain has assumed significant proportions.

### "Attendance Expert" Encourages Groups

SANTA CRUZ, CALIF.—The group plan used in many other Rotary clubs coupled with the efforts of a chairman who has himself made a perfect attendance record for five years, are the two factors chiefly responsible for the record made by the local organization. Not only does the chairman telephone to those who have to make up attendance, but he sees that they also receive a call from their group leaders. These group leaders are often new members or older members whose attendance has not been specially good. The groups are picked at random, so no leader has any advantage over his fellows. Frank Roberts, the "attendance expert" is a charter member, and his five-year record covers the whole period of the club's existence.

### Erect Tablet On Battlefield of '76

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK.—Local Rotarians erected a fine bronze tablet to mark the campsite occupied by Glover's Brigade on October 17th, 1776, and to commemorate the battle at Pelham Manor the following day.

The Hon. Isaac N. Mills, former Supreme Court Justice, presided at the dedicatory exercises which were well attended and were held on the 150th anniversary of the encampment. The tablet was presented by Milton H. Hall, Rotary president; and was accepted by Mayor W. D. MacQuesten on behalf of the city.

The camp ground is now used as a  
(Continued on page 40)



COME TO  
HAVANA



# Cuba

## *Exquisite Isle of Delight*

(In Cuba even the warmest summer day is made pleasant by the cool trade winds. The temperature during 1925 never rose above 93 nor fell below 66 degrees.)

**CUBA IS ONLY 90 MILES  
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Consul or to the National Tourist  
Commission, Havana, Cuba.*

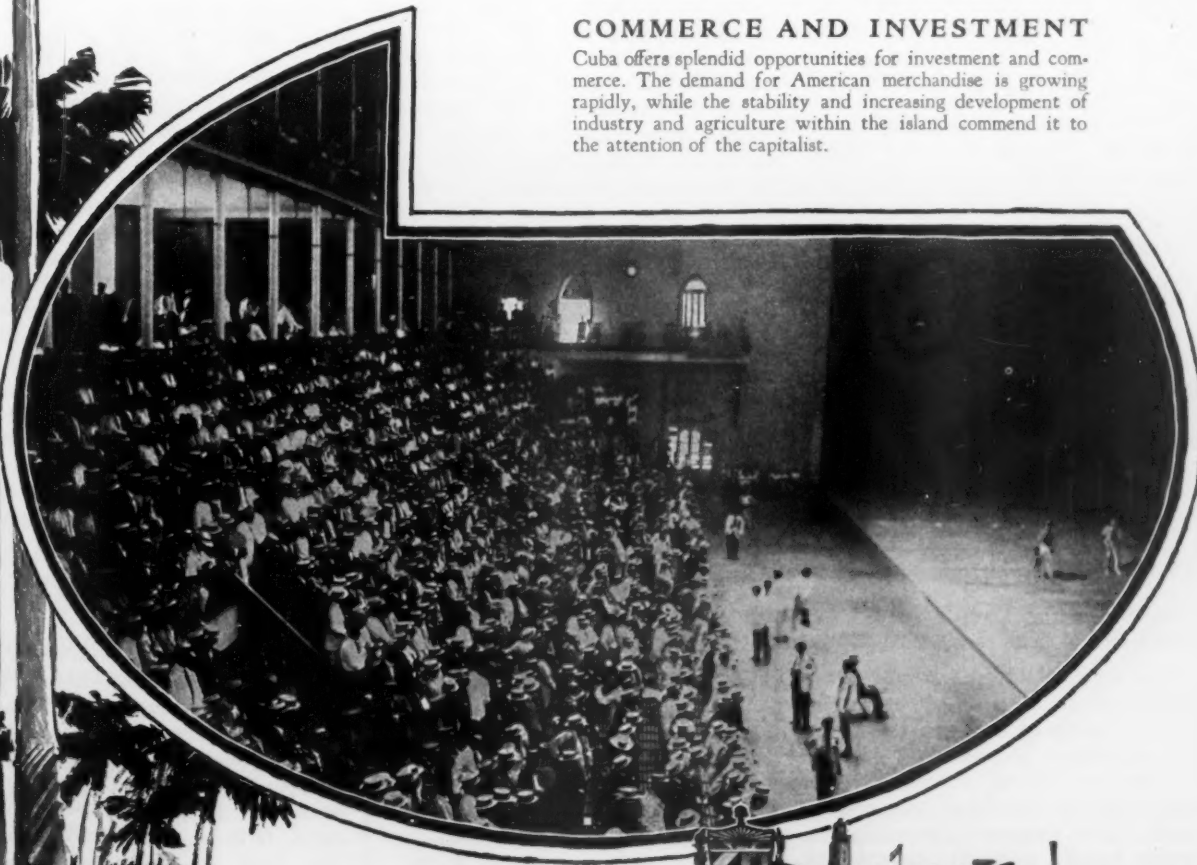
GLAMOUR and beauty of the tropics—romance, tradition—background of an age-old history... gracious welcome of a charming people—cultured, fascinating, foreign...carefree, joyous life of a pleasure loving city—wealthy, luxurious, progressive...new experiences—new sights—new conceptions of the joy of living await you in Cuba.

Splendid hotels, theaters, the opera, cafes...dining, dancing, games of chance at the brilliant casino... golf, tennis, hunting, horse racing, jai-alai...fishing, yachting, swimming...motoring on perfect roads... its comforts and attractions are endless.

And the climate...eternal sunshine...cooled to perpetual springtime by the fragrant trade winds.

### COMMERCE AND INVESTMENT

Cuba offers splendid opportunities for investment and commerce. The demand for American merchandise is growing rapidly, while the stability and increasing development of industry and agriculture within the island commend it to the attention of the capitalist.



Scene at a "jai-alai" game—its thrilling speed and intense excitement must be seen to be appreciated.



(Continued from page 38)

city athletic field. At the entrance stands a huge boulder to which the tablet is affixed. The action at Pelham Manor was undertaken with the view of delaying British troops sent to cut off Washington's retreat to White Plains, and Colonel Glover succeeded in holding up the British advance for a day while the main army escaped from the trap.

### **Float Takes First Prize**

EL DORADO, KANS.—Practically every member of El Dorado Rotary worked on one of the various committees which made the Kafir Corn Carnival a success, and in addition the club's float took first prize in the parade, though competition was keen. Other activities of this club include a successful campaign on behalf of the local Welfare Association and the promotion of a concert by the United States Navy Band. This last project was a co-operative enterprise which the Rotarians shared with the Kiwanians and Lions.

### **New Club Tries Hard For Prize**

BLAKELY, GA.—The Rotary Club of Blakely is one of the youngest in its district. When the inter-city meet was held at Tallahassee recently, this club made a strong bid for the attendance prize and only missed because the doctor member had an urgent call at the last minute. The club has about twenty members.

### **Exchange of National Courtesies**

CALCUTTA, INDIA.—The visit of an Indian deputation to South Africa was recently reported in these columns. The Indian delegates received much encouragement from South African Rotarians. After the Indian delegates had returned home to report on the various knotty problems confronting the two lands, a South African delegation was dispatched to India on a similar mission, and was received by Calcutta Rotary with similar courtesies.

### **Hear Interesting Things About Other Lands**

OAMARU, NEW ZEALAND.—Some months ago Oamaru Rotarians decided to have a series of addresses on the history, economics, and sociology of other countries in Rotary. The first three talks in this interesting series concerned Japan, each speaker approaching the subject from a different angle. Clubs in North America are planning for similar informational addresses, and it has been suggested that copies of such addresses might be sent to the Rotary Secretariat at Chicago so that they may

be furnished to other clubs desiring such material.

### **Provide Meeting-Place For Girls**

PALMERSTON NORTH, NEW ZEALAND.—This city has a group known as "The Girls' Citizens League." Palmerston Rotarians thought this organization worthy of support and so equipped a room as a meeting-place for the girls, and by way of further encouragement organized two entertainments on behalf of the league. Several Rotarians took active part in these productions, and the skits used were written by club members. Later the girls expressed their appreciation by giving a tea for the business men.

### **Give Dinner For Educators**

CARTHAGE, MO.—Mirth and music reigned at a local hotel when the Carthage Rotarians entertained the city's educators. The glow of autumn foliage and the bright hues of chrysanthemums; a lively orchestra and a still livelier "symphonic" band whose instruments were mostly secured from the kitchen; dancing by colored school girls; and a few stunts as well as some serious talks were all features of an evening that passed much too swiftly for those present. The guests included teachers from the city public schools, business schools, and Ozark Wesleyan College; members of the Board of Education; and Rotary Anns. These with the Rotarians themselves, made an audience of more than two hundred for this, the sixth annual teacher's party given by the club.

### **Help Scouts And National Guard**

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—One hundred and seventeen booths packed with exhibits of Cambridge industries drew large crowds to the armory of the local company of the National Guard. Two bands, one that of the Guard, the other that of the local Scouts, provided music. The musicians blew lustily, realizing that their respective organizations

would benefit by this exhibit, which was promoted by Cambridge Rotary to finance expenditures on behalf of the lads in khaki. The club spent \$3,500 on instruments for the Scout band, and purchased equipment for the Guard. Cambridge shoppers, Cambridge manufacturers, heartily approved the effort.

### **Emphasize Possibilities Of Community Work**

MASTERTON, NEW ZEALAND.—More and more emphasis is being laid on the importance of the standing committees in Rotary clubs, and committee chairmen who fail to take an active interest in the task assigned to them are not long in office. In line with these tendencies the president of Masterton Rotary sent a circular letter to all his committee chairmen pointing out that committee meetings offer a much better opportunity to stress Rotary ideals than do the regular club meetings because of the more intimate discussion possible in committee meetings. The president has ruled that committees must meet at least once a month, must send a written report to the secretary showing what has been done during the month.

### **Arrange For Big Boys' Week**

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Again the Rotarians of Sydney arranged Boys' Week activities on an impressive scale to present the idea of future citizenship more strongly to the community. Besides the elaborate program which included school day; parades and displays; church day; entertainment of boys' choirs in the town hall; citizens' day—with fathers-and-sons dinner; out-of-door day—with a picnic; industry day—with visits to factories and an exhibition of boys' work; and a ball, the club simultaneously helped two other associations. These were the Kindergarten Union and the Day Nurseries' Association, each of which are rendering useful service in their respective fields.

### **Caballeros Deliver Club's Charter**

HUATUSCO, MEXICO.—Early in October a party of fifty Rotarians and friends set out on an expedition which is perhaps unique in Rotary history. A special train was chartered from Cordoba to San Juan de Coscomatepec. It carried a party recruited from Cordoba, Orizaba, and Puebla. Leaving the train at San Juan, the party mounted the waiting horses and set out on a five-hour ride over mountain trails, heading toward the quaint little town of Huatusco. A tropical downpour

(Concluded on page 42)

### **THIS MONTH'S COVER**

"Coming Events" would be a rather good title for this month's cover. John P. Cuthbert depicted this old-fashioned scene especially for this number; and the four-color illustration was presented to THE ROTARIAN by E. W. Houser, president of the Barnes-Crosby Company, of Chicago, and member of the Chicago Rotary Club.

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(Continued from page 40)

added to the discrepancies of trails already battered by the worst storm in forty years. Part of the trail crossed a barranca 900 feet deep, but the party went on, though horses slipped in the mud and pack mules grew stubborn. That same evening 200 guests attended the banquet at which Huatusco Rotary received its charter. Because of the unavoidable absence of Governor "Chelino," the charter was presented by the president of Cordoba Rotary. The following day there was a barbecue at the coffee hacienda of the Huatusco president, followed by a kermesse which lasted till next morning. Then fifty

tired but happy riders took the long trail back and caught the return train to Cordoba.

### Prepare For Community Christmas Tree

MERIDA, MEXICO.—The local Rotarians are preparing for the erection of a great Christmas tree for the poor children of this city. The tree will be loaded with toys, school supplies, clothing, etc., donated by local merchants and other interested individuals. The donors and representatives of the local and national governments will take part in the celebration.

## Frank Slutz—A Great Schoolmaster

(Continued from page 15)

with me. We take it for granted in the schools that if a boy recites his German and literature and ancient history, by some strange alchemy he will develop into a splendid man and fine chap. In other words we do the things that aren't worth while directly, hoping that indirectly the worth-while things will be achieved. The reason that boys cheat in school is because they do things that are meaningless. When you do the things that to them seem important you can't get them to cheat. They don't cheat on the football field."

"How did you come to start this experiment?" I asked.

"It's a long story but a mighty interesting one, at least to me," he replied.

"You see when I was superintendent of schools in Pueblo, Colorado, there were ten of us in the state, school men of various kinds, that felt the pressure of life tremendously, so we organized in 1915, a little group called the 'Blue Birds.' We met about every two months on Friday and Saturday at various places. We pooled our railroad fares so that the fellow who came from a distance paid the same as the fellow nearby. The first day of our meeting we talked about a book that we had read. The next day we spoke, during the three or four years that we met, about building an ideal school system. That was a great psychical release for us because each of us felt that somehow, some time, he might have a chance to try either a part or all of this 'on his piano.' Every man when he brought in a report or put forth an idea, was severely criticized by the other fellow. These chaps were close friends and went after each other without fear or favor. We just asked ourselves these questions: 'What does the normal human being do all through his life?' 'What are the common de-

nominators of successful living?' Our idea was that if we could collect the common denominators of successful living, we might be able to organize a school that would develop skills in them.

"Simultaneously with this, there were a few men in Dayton who were feeling about for something in the way of better education for their children. They did not know a thing about us in Colorado and our 'Blue Bird' group. They had a big idea about a school in which their children could be taught certain things they very much wanted taught to them. They were also anxious to get the education of their children carried on in smaller groups. It was a very narrow idea at first. The more they talked about it the more they discovered it was narrow. It did not seem to become them or their city.

"If they were going to start a school that was to cultivate the larger capacities of the personality and develop a more far-reaching usefulness, they certainly should not begin by being selfish and parochial in their attitude. These men finally broadened out a great deal. They formulated their ideas and had a questionnaire printed which they sent broadcast over the country. Twenty-five hundred leaflets were distributed, merely with the idea of interesting young educators who might want to make an adventure along the general lines of their conception of education. To make a long story short, the result of this questionnaire brought the leading spirit among those men, Mr. Arthur E. Morgan, then chief engineer of the Miami Conservancy District, and now the president of Antioch College, and me together. We struck a compact to launch a new enterprise in education. I have been at it ever since.

"When I came to Dayton, I brought

with me all the material developed in our little group known as the 'Blue Birds' in Colorado. I told those fellows, 'Now I have a chance to organize a school along the lines that we have been discussing. May I use the material?' The unanimous reply was 'Go to it and God bless you.'

"Essentially the stuff that we dug up in these group meetings went into the making of the plan that we are carrying out at Moraine Park School. When we started this thing all we had was an idea. We did not have any boys—we did not have any teachers—we did not have any buildings—we did not have anything but an idea.

"Our first job was to find a young man who could be called in as a 'pal' in this enterprise. The person we found was Mr. Arthur Hauck, at that time teaching in the Idaho Reformatory School for boys, and now president of a college in Honolulu.

"Mr. Hauck came on to Dayton in the spring of 1917. He began to look over the boys in town and took hikes with little groups on Saturdays. He finally chose thirty-three lads. These became 'the 33 immortals.' With this group the school started.

"I reached there in July of 1917 and found thirty-three boys who had planted a big garden and had developed a spirit of companionship that was admirable. These lads were in no sense unusual. They were simply normal boys, the sons of parents who were carrying on the current life of Dayton. We had no building in which to start our school. When we tried to make up our minds about a building we soon discovered we did not know what kind of a building we wanted. The only school building we could think of was the regular type of school, in other words, the usual building. We saw at once it would be foolish to take the usual schoolhouse and try to put an unusual school into it.

"We discovered a greenhouse nearby at the edge of the city that belonged to several men interested in this school, men whose sons were in the group of thirty-three. It occurred to us that this greenhouse might be a capital place to start our school. It was full of tomatoes, cucumbers, and other things and had dirt floors. On July 1, the thirty-three moved in. We organized classes and began work at once. Our classes met beneath the trees outdoors. It was too hot in the greenhouse in the summertime and at any rate the greenhouse was not fit for a school just yet. How those lads did toil and sweat to clean out that greenhouse and make it livable. Late in August we took a rest, camping along the creek nearby and in September our school opened in dead earnest. We had classes for all grades

from the sixth on up. Today, of course, the school covers all the grades from kindergarten through high school."

WHILE we were talking boys and girls kept coming in to ask "Prof" this and "Prof" that. They always called him "Prof." I heard "franchises," "police-court" and "English contracts" mentioned.

"What's the big idea?" I asked.

"Oh, that. Well you see our school is a community. It is organized just like any other community. We are not trying to prepare our pupils for life. What we are trying to do is to help them live right here and now. This school is their life. The most important thing, therefore, about this thing is to get the right kind of community organization. Now a community organization rests on a charter. So three or four boys were agreed upon as a committee to draft the charter. This charter followed pretty closely the civic organization of the city of Dayton. There is, of course, the mayor, the various commissioners with the police system and all that goes with it. We have been operating on this system all these years.

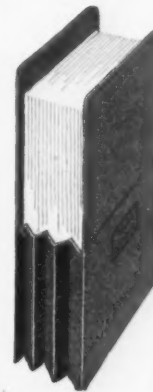
"Being a community living the normal life in a community our school naturally must be organized along industrial and commercial lines. To this end we have projects, something like ninety different projects. A truly educated man you know not only sees through things but sees things through. Our aim is to develop the initiative and capacity for seeing things through in our pupils. At Moraine Park School the name of 'project' is given to an enterprise or business thought out or chosen by the student himself and operated in the school community to supply some demand of the group. A Construction Company for instance does the repair work around the school. Nearly all school printing is done by the Moraine Printing Company whose multigraph machine during busy seasons is running early and late. The Boys Lunch Company prepares and serves a cafeteria lunch at the noon hour. Whenever a new demand arises for some kind of service a 'project' is organized by some enterprising lads to meet that demand.

"Sometimes a boy or girl wishes to purchase an enterprise which is already doing business in the school. When the two contracting parties arrive at an agreement in regard to the price, which must be within the appraised value of the project, they engage the law firm to draw up a certificate of transfer of franchise, which, when properly signed by the representatives of the commission, by the director of the Department of Law, and by

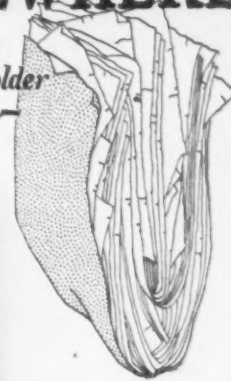
(Continued on page 45)

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(Continued from page 43)

the faculty supervisor, authorizes the new owner to engage in the enterprise he has chosen.

"The commission has the power at any time during the school year to revoke the franchise of a student or students who fail to operate their projects satisfactorily. This prevents any one from holding a franchise without actively doing the work, when someone else wants to engage in it.

"Each project is appraised by the faculty supervisor at the beginning of the school year, and a money value placed on each project which owns and uses any equipment. This appraised value is the maximum price at which a transfer may be arranged for. It is determined by the surrender value of the equipment owned by the project plus a reasonable amount for the prosperity and good will of the enterprise. Because of the nature of their activities, some projects have no money value and they may be transferred from one student to another without any financial consideration.

"The project supervisor grades the students each month on the quality of the project work done, taking into consideration the amount of interest shown, the effort put into the work, the degree to which the projects have served the community, the accuracy of the accounts kept, and the promptness with which reports are made.

"One of the requirements for graduation is that four credits in a period of six years shall be made in project work. A credit represents one year of satisfactory work in some project.

"In addition to the attention given by the supervisor, each project has assigned to it one other member of the faculty to whom the operators may go for advice and suggestions. In this way every member of the faculty is brought into contact with several projects and has an opportunity to work with the students in other ways than in the usual class-room interests."

"There must be a great deal of human-interest stuff pass over your desk in the operation of this school," I suggested.

"Yes," he said, "there is a great deal of human interest shown in the conducting of these projects. We had an aeroplane company organized here once under the interesting name of the 'Arlico' which means the Automotive Research Laboratories Company. The 'Arlico' bought an engine for their laboratory. It was a motor-cycle engine and it wasn't a very good one. They soon discovered it was not a very good one so they came to me with the proposition that they borrow \$30.00 from the school bank on that engine and then allow the bank to foreclose because, said these lads, bankers are not

good engineers anyhow and won't know they are getting a poor engine. The sad thing about that is that that thing might have happened downtown among grown-ups but we somehow worked out a better way.

"A few years ago some fellows managed a dance for a project. They hired the orchestra, sold tickets, and pocketed the money. There was something unhealthy about it. It didn't go well. The boys and girls were fine. The faculty as a whole thought if the amusement was run without profit we would get a healthier reaction. The fellows that worked on the project thought it a good thing and didn't want to give it up. They told the faculty they would sell out for thirty dollars and we bought it. We bought them out and closed the project, and since that time our own commission has appointed our own dance committee. They plan the dances and the dances are at cost. Nobody makes a penny and they are just as healthful and fine as they can be. Boys and girls have seen that community welfare is the thing.

"Let me tell you a bit about our honor system. Any time during the year the faculty may put a student on the honor roll if he belongs in grades 10, 11 and 12. He may remain on the roll as long as he maintains a fine record. If he is absent from the class occasionally it makes no difference. He is given his entire freedom so long as he maintains his standard of work. As long as he manages to come here and keep up his assignments it is all right. We take them off the honor roll as soon as they drop in their work. Every Friday we check up on each student. That list is sent to me. Then all students who are up in their work I excuse from study hall during the next week. Those who fall below a certain standard must report to study hall every day. In that way we try to distinguish between those who do need the school and those who do not."

THE casual visitor to Moraine Park School is struck first of all by the very obvious freedom that prevails. Pupils seem quite free to pursue their own purpose. There is no evidence of restriction of any kind. There is certainly lacking that "toe the mark" attitude which characterizes the schools in general. There is not for a moment the slightest suggestion of the birch tree as the tree of knowledge. There is a very emphatic and marked "sparing of the rod." Has it spoiled the children? The question immediately arises, "How is the discipline in a school where freedom is the prevailing attitude?" Opinion among folks who have seen Moraine Park School varies. The writer has had an opportunity to



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know rather intimately a great many boys and girls who have come from that school and to his definite knowledge they certainly seem to have acquired a taste for the fine and an appreciation of the good and beautiful as well as a sensitiveness to the fine points of honor that is not characteristic of most secondary school graduates.

The question of discipline was discussed quite freely with Professor Slutz and the following very interesting stories were told by him:

"During the second year of school, one morning we found placed on every desk in school, a copy of Volume 1, Number 1 of the 'Mirror.' This was a frank little paper in which the names of the people of the school were listed, and opposite each name there was a sentence characterizing the boy deftly and tersely. For instance, one bump-tious boy was characterized as 'pesky as hell, and then some.' There were other similar adolescent compliments throughout the sheet. We agreed to keep the whole sheet as a family affair and to profit by its advice. The editors of the sheet had written that they had omitted the names of the faculty because they did not possess language to characterize them fitly. We kept the matter in confidence. I went to the Mayor and asked him if he would help me do a little investigating as to the editors. He agreed that the matter ought to be investigated and for several weeks he reported to me from day to day that he had found nothing. After he had graduated he told me one day at luncheon that he and three or four other boys had put the sheet out as a gentle criticism. You see 'the man with the duster' was antedated by several years in this school.

"Before the community government had been in existence three months a group of people from college came to visit us. Every untoward thing happens when you have visitors. The school grew ominously quiet in the middle of the forenoon. I left my class and found only the Mayor extant. I said, 'Mayor, where is the community?' He told me two of the boys had had a very wordy altercation and that the body politic had retired to settle the difficulty according to Marquis of Queensbury rules. I asked the Mayor to come with me to investigate the trouble. We found in the power-house, beside the swimming-pool, a real fight in progress. On the side lines were two members of the commission, the judge of the student court, the chief of police, all savages again. I stopped the fight and said that I thought they had allowed their machinery to break down and that they ought to re-establish it and settle the case in the right fashion. Then I went back to my class. But before I left, one lad said, 'Prof,' it would

be very unhistoric for any young republic to live through its first year without a revolution. We are just having one.'

"A father called me up one morning at six, terribly excited and said his boy was in disgrace along with other boys of the school. These boys had been going to a party the night before and were rather late. They were all dressed in their best. One of their tires went flat. Passing a home in front of which stood a car with a spare tire, they stopped and took that spare tire, put it on their car and went to the party. They were apprehended, and were in the hands of the police. They had been found with the goods. I felt that a real opportunity had arisen to help these boys. They ought not to be deserted in their difficulty. The judge consented to put them on parole and keep the matter from becoming public. I didn't dare to put this before our community—it wasn't their business. I called the boys in and told them that for sixty days they would have to do quietly without asking questions or answering them, all the dirty work I asked them to do. I found plenty of tasks within the next sixty days and they did them all. Nobody in the school ever knew about it until years after it occurred. Both of the boys graduated and are fine fellows."

WHILE he was finishing the last story Prof. Slutz was pulling a card out of a convenient pigeon-hole in his desk. "Let me show you something very interesting," he said. It was a card carrying a rating of him as a teacher. The rating was made by the pupils. I wondered. "Each spring," he assured me, "we will have all the teachers rated by a secret vote of the pupils. This rating covers everything from teaching ability to early-morning disposition, promptness, reliability, and general trustworthiness. You see here I have been slipping in 'agreeableness.' I made a grade of 98 last year and this year I have dropped to 96. I value this card. I keep it handy. I always offer to show my card to any teacher who is willing to show me his or hers. It is a great idea." I found myself wishing I could have rated some of my teachers, especially the good ones.

"You know we haven't said a word about the theoretical background, the educational theory at the bottom of this thing," Mr. Slutz suggested. "Yes, of course, what of it?"

"It goes something like this:

"To make the educational system sound there must be proper relation between occupations, subject matter, and projects. Mastery of the occupations in life is the end and aim of education. Subject matter furnishes the tools needed in the contact with the

world and in acquiring this mastery. Projects furnish the occasion, the interest, and the incentive for effort in acquiring subject matter and in gaining mastery of the occupations of life. Subject matter to a considerable extent should be acquired incidentally as part of the detail of bringing projects to fruition.

"Each individual's personality will be a guide as to the policy governing his education. Instruction should be both individual and group in type. It is thoroughly wrong to compel a boy to sacrifice his initiative unnecessarily.

"The valuable group is not made up of persons imitating each other in the main, but is made up of people who are different and who contribute to each other. Rigid uniformity destroys the best things in group life. Group members should not differ extremely as to age.

"Under this system and as part of it we are just doing everything we can to help our boys and girls get into the main categories of their life work before they leave us. We want them to know whether their tastes are clerical, managerial, literary, fine arts, constructive, social. Those great line-ups can be determined now. It remains for the college and a little more refined thinking to see under what particular place a boy wants to work. There isn't very much difference in the manner of technique between the skillful artist and the skillful surgeon. There is a great similarity there. In connection with this project every semester in grades 9, 10, 11 and 12 a student must write a theme on some vocation that interests him. We supply the outline for that theme. We have fourteen questions we ask him about that vocation. In the course of his four years he would do that eight times. He would make a pretty thorough investigation of eight vocations. In addition to that the last half of each year we bring here to this school men from town who talk on the opportunities and advantages of various vocations. In addition to this we have factory trips—twelve a year, hoping somebody may generate interest in a particular industry by seeing it at first hand."

It's a laboratory, this Moraine Park School. There the ideas are being wrought out which will find their way into the public-school system of our community. And so the system will slowly be changed. That's the way to work reforms in great institutions, by the sure and safe method of experimentation.

The man who is doing it is by that fact paying one more tribute to the preacher's home from which he came, a Methodist preacher's home. And how "Daddy" Slutz loves to talk of his son, Frank, saying: "He's a great boy, sure enough, and a good one."



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### Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

(Continued from page 32)

"The philosophy of kindness bids us guard well our tongues, for the spoken word can never be recalled. How many of us have borne all day the haunting remorse of an unkind word, spoken carelessly in the morning. Usually we can repair the damage in the evening. Sometimes the evening is too late, and one must bear through life the memory of an unkind word that cannot be recalled.

"The written word is even more terrible. Dr. Free says the two most powerful things in the world today are the newspaper and the school. He told me that in a little talk after the luncheon. He told me how careful an editor should be lest he say unkind things, whatever the provocation.

"And so I am glad Dr. Free came to Warren yesterday. I believe several men have made a new start in the business of being kind. And I know I will have to rewrite almost entirely an editorial I had prepared for today—for there were in it some unkind things that a waiting world, now, will not read."

Now in his seventieth year, Dr. Free is never too busy to bring a little added sunshine into some life. If, for any reason, he cannot do it immediately he keeps on trying, and the spirit of his endeavor is again well expressed by his own verse:

Dear friend, I've been here twenty times  
To see you—more or less,  
And though I've missed you every time  
I still am glad to bless

The day that gave you mortal birth  
That gave to me a friend  
Who will continue such I hope  
Until my life shall end.

God bless you, grant long life and health.  
Friends many, steadfast true;  
Dame Fortune give her smiles until  
You wake beyond the blue.

Not great poetry—but a great theme. Where a man's verse is merely the lantern window for a kindly soul it is the light rather than the lantern that attracts our attention.

One last word for those 2500 who receive birthday cards from Dr. Free—a word which he would not add himself—there was a purpose in mentioning the exact day of his birth. Perhaps you can discover it!

Next month we shall present "Rotary for Rubens" by Will Rose. His story of club progress and club problems in Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania, is marked by that shrewd humor which spices many debates in rural districts and small towns. Moreover, it enables you to understand why the small club cannot always follow the city club's lead.

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Rotary Club Luncheons held here Tuesdays,  
12:15. Visiting Rotarians Welcome

## "Let the Next Generation Be My Client!"

(Continued from page 21)

Achievement Bureau Committee. The committee is now composed of seven far-sighted men who, during the past seven years, have transformed an idea into a healthy, expanding system that is reaching to the vitals of urban life. Ivan L. Hobson, a Springfield Rotarian, is the executive director of the Bureau which serves ten northeastern states.

The Junior Achievement Bureau provides the local foundations in the northeastern states with tested methods, practical materials, and the services of its experts in the various work projects.

The Junior Achievement story can best be told, however, by considering one of the Foundations upon which all the others are modelled. In Springfield, Massachusetts, the Foundation was organized in 1921 and financed for five years at \$10,000 each year through the purchase by individuals of various quantities of the so-called "boy and girl certificates" at \$10 each. Members of the Springfield Rotary Club were responsible for this financing.

THE general conduct of the Springfield Junior Achievement Foundation rests with the Board of Control made up of some twenty men and women selected from among the holders of the Boy and Girl certificates. The present chairman is Rotarian Clarence Sawhill. The active management is in the hands of a director (for the boys clubs) and a young lady who is assistant director (for girls). Five years of successful operation have established effective methods, valuable results, and practical objectives.

The individual Junior Achievement Clubs are operated largely within existing organizations and with their active co-operation. They represent not duplication nor conflict, but rather a practical development in the work of respected agencies for social welfare.

The various Springfield institutions cooperating with the Junior Achievement Foundation include thirteen churches, three hospitals, a factory, six children's Clubs, and several community houses, and schools, etc.

By no means, as some people have thought, are the majority of the members of Junior Achievement Clubs underprivileged children. Of some clubs and some individuals this is true. But in general it can be said that children from all types of families and all sections of the city are enthusiastic "Junior Achievers." In fact, it is this

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thorough mixing which is one of the chief virtues of Junior Achievement.

There are in Springfield sixty-seven year-round girls' clubs with 554 members, and 55 boys clubs with 458 members. There are thirty-one summer-work clubs reaching 303 girls; and twenty-six similar clubs reaching 256 boys. A total of 1,571 children are reached. Age limits are nine to twenty-one with fourteen as the average age. Development programs are constantly being planned. Over ninety-two new clubs were started during the fiscal year just past.

The ultimate value of a Junior Achievement Foundation depends upon the character and loyalty of its club leaders. All the clubs now organized are headed by a total of 172 leaders of whom ninety-eight are women and seventy-four are men. The leaders are all unpaid volunteers. They are not easy to secure. But after they have once begun, it is easy to hold their interest. Deducting the number of leaders required for this year's new clubs, over half of the remainder have been connected with Junior Achievement for two years or more. Several leaders have been active for periods as long as four or five years. Churches, women's clubs, members (and their wives) of local service clubs, (particularly Rotary), men and women in and out of industry who desire to work with children for the good of the community—these are some of the sources from which leaders are recruited. The more responsible of the older boys and girls are valuable as future leaders.

Leaders who have had practical experience in the various work projects are of course especially valuable at first. Thus they have an excellent opportunity to pass their knowledge on to the younger generation. But by no means has special experience proved to be necessary. The directors are in close touch with leaders. There is usually a Junior Achievement Committee in the organization with which the Foundation is cooperating to give assistance to its leaders. Of the greatest importance is the series of training-meetings for leaders held twice a year by the directors in the Junior Achievement Institute Building which was designed for leader training.

Each July, Springfield leaders as well as leaders from other Foundations are eligible to attend a Training Camp of a week at the Eastern States Exposition "Achievement Hall" and dormitory in West Springfield. This camp is also used for the training of carefully selected club members for leadership in later years. Achievement Hall is a gift from Horace A. Moses who is

chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bureau, the parent organization.

In Junior Achievement Work as in any other teaching or child welfare activity, the leader finds his chief satisfaction in the evidence that his exertions are benefiting his charges and the community. In Junior Achievement work, leadership is usually attractive since leaders have definite programs and clear-cut responsibilities, accompanied always by constantly growing tangible results.

**METHODS**, training, tools (loaned) and material (at cost) are provided the children for work projects. Each club selects one enterprise and concentrates upon it for at least a year. Club enterprises are normal industrial and home undertakings. Work programs have been developed in such manner that essential processes of the factory are retained although carried out by hand or machine on a reduced scale. Saleable, practical articles are produced. The following represent some of the enterprises for which the Bureau supplies printed instructions. The list is being continually increased as research proves other activities practical.

Toy dolls.  
Mothers' helper.  
Junior clothing.  
Senior clothing.  
Electrical and radio.  
Home Improvement.  
Lettering and sign-painting.  
Food.  
Leather.  
Photography.  
Printing.  
Reed work.  
Metal work.  
Textile.  
Woodcraft.

Such club work as this is obviously splendid training for girls in effective home-making, and for boys in the practical problems of home support.

One of the healthiest characteristics of Junior Achievement is its self-development. Boys and girls often bring in new members. In many instances new clubs are formed because the youngsters become so enthusiastic about Junior Achievement work, just as their friends are, that they look around for a suitable leader. Thus another club is started on its way.

Clubs are organized with regular officers and on a parliamentary basis. Special officers include manager of buying, of production, of sales, and of publicity. Records of meetings are kept in what is termed the "Log Book," in which attendance, dues, membership, and summaries of work produced, sold and on hand are easily checked. Dues vary as determined by each club from



the onerous burden of five or ten cents a week down to as much per month! Records of work in process and completed are kept. Business-like accounting of expenses for raw materials, labor, and receipts from sales are maintained. Some of the boys clubs are organized in detail on the basis of a business corporation. Each child keeps an individual "Job Book" in which costs of material, time spent in making an article, and dates are entered, along with a description of the item involved. A correctly made up "Job Book," approved by a leader, is an essential prerequisite to many of the contests and honors provided by the Foundation and the Bureau. Year's programs of work are carefully planned in advance, budgeted and checked. A project once started must be completed.

Each club meets weekly, first conducts a parliamentary business meeting, after which each member works on his project. Scarcity of equipment often leads to practical experience in cooperation and unselfishness. The serious formality of the business meeting conducted by these youngsters is amusing. The latter part of the meeting is often not so parliamentary! Nevertheless the efficient attention to business which is usually in evidence, is a rather surprising tribute to the interest that definite, practical, and constructive work arouses in a normally boisterous child.

AN important difference between the commercial and the professional attitude seems to be that in the former, competition and besting the other fellow is the aim, while in the latter, concern with doing one's own best work is the chief consideration. Any work becomes professional in spirit when absolute rather than relative accomplishment is the controlling idea. Some of this spirit the directors of the Springfield Junior Achievement are attempting to put into club work. Every effort is made to maintain definite standards of quality, but there is considerable opportunity provided for self-expression in design and method. Obviously, however, the supporters of Junior Achievement are not primarily interested in inducing children to make rag dolls, taborets, petticoats, nor electric toasters, even though some 5,000 articles valued at over \$6,000 were made by the children last year. The articles themselves are a means to the definite end of character development; not only of industry, thrift, and reliability; but also independence of mind combined with a gracious consideration for others.

Individual and club competition and rewards are nevertheless a part of Junior Achievement activities, administered in such a way as to fit as well as possible into the ultimate aim of

sound character. For as Governor Brewster of Maine has said, "Junior Achievement is more than a mere prize contest; it is a real contribution to character building."

Each club provides a demonstration team for inter-club competition. It consists of two or more members who prepare themselves with the help of their leader to perform and explain simultaneously in public the process involved in making their club-project article. At demonstrations, articles the children have made are on exhibition and on sale. Relatives and friends are invited, and in most cases the young-

sters find effective inducements for them to attend.

Income from sales usually goes to the individual although clubs make their own arrangements for some percentage contribution to a club fund, perhaps for new equipment, materials, or running expenses.

The Junior Achievement Leaders Institute building is provided with an auditorium in which the more important demonstrations and exhibitions are held. Here the *Springfield Union* annual contest is staged. This newspaper is to be congratulated on its practical public service with children. The *Union*



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In June of this year the annual city-wide exhibit, sale, and demonstration was conducted for a week in a vacant store near the business center of Springfield. Over 3,000 people attended. Formal demonstrations before such a changing crowd develop and test poise. Selling the articles, or guiding the people through the exhibit with appropriate explanations of the work has proved also to be excellent training for the youngsters. And here honors and prizes were decided, both for individuals and for clubs, not only for articles made, and the demonstrations, but also prizes for judging. The judging contests are particularly valuable in that the children thus become conversant with high standards definitely set for each article, and learn to appreciate the different ways in which care and skill manifest themselves in the completed work. After some experience in judging, it is no wonder that the children's own work improves greatly both in method and result.

THE coveted prizes of the city-wide exhibit include a week at the Junior Achievement Camp in connection with the September Eastern States Exposition. Here Springfield exhibits and demonstrations compete with the best of all the clubs of the northeastern part of the United States. Hundreds of thousands of visitors to the Exposition give their encouragement to the "Achievers." It is here that each year's activities culminate in a blaze of glory.

At Christmas time, Rotarian Albert Steiger, owner of one of Springfield's leading department stores, clears some of the valuable space in his store and turns it over to the Junior Achievement Foundation free of charge. Here is held the annual sale for the benefit of the children whose articles are displayed and sold. Practical experience with the mob of Christmas shoppers from behind instead of in front of counters is not quickly forgotten by either leaders or club members!

One of the most valued features of the various public affairs is the interesting opportunity which is provided for the general public to familiarize

itself with the Junior Achievement work, and also what is more important, to encourage the youngsters to continued loyalty and enthusiasm, by their mere presence as well as by their purchases. As a matter of fact at most of the exhibits, the bulk of the items are not for sale, since they already are the proud possession of their makers.

The results for Springfield of all this work will not be completely measured for generations. The value for the individual club member is a character development of prime importance throughout life. But there are definite current results of interest such as the facts that a boy in a photography club secured a training which led to a position with a local photograph studio; several girls are increasing their college funds by sale of the articles they have made; a boy in a radio club secured a position in a local radio manufacturing plant; a girl has become one of the chief instructors in the needlecraft department of one of the largest stores; another boy through work in an electric club was encouraged to continue his training at a leading technical university. These are just a few instances; many more could be given.

The Junior Achievement Foundation aims to give boys and girls a chance to cultivate a liking for honest labor and to develop the *will to work*; to test their interest in a variety of industries and home activities; to know the satisfaction of helping the world to produce its requirements; to apply and actually live today the best teachings of church and school; to develop interests in the home that bind the family together—in short, Junior Achievement aims to provide and is succeeding in offering its members an opportunity to work happily and to earn and save, thus insuring independence and well-founded self-respect.

Two years ago, after the luncheon President Coolidge gave to forty men interested in the extension of Junior Achievement, some of the newspaper men asked him, "What about this Junior Achievement, Mr. President?"

"Junior Achievement is good work," he answered, and with a twinkle in his eye, added, "We had to have it when I was a boy!"



## What Price Sport?

(Continued from page 7)

sport consisted in hiding on top of a mountain until you could push a huge rock down hill upon your neighbor as he passed below, or borrowing father's bow and arrow and shooting up the family next door when they were looking the other way.

Show me a country which produces great sportsmen and I will show you a country moderate and just in its international relations.

In the summer of 1925, a French football team played in Berlin and was warmly received. The English track and field championships at Stamford Bridge outside London this year were notable chiefly for the running of Dr. Hans Pfelzer, the great German middle distance runner who succeeded in defeating D. G. A. Lowe of Cambridge University, Olympic winner, victor of a hundred contests upon the track. And the success of the blonde, bespectacled German from Leipzig was generously and sincerely applauded by the stands, even though it was the first defeat for the English racing star in his long and luminous career. Now acts such as these tend to bring nations together. More than anything else these international competitions are helping to wipe away the bitterness and ill feeling of the war. They are doing even more, they are making the world a better place to live in; well and truly are they advancing the cause of international peace and concord among the great powers on the globe today.

**T**HINK over the vast amount of international competition in various sports and you will quickly realize why it is that games are beginning to exert such a great influence. In track sports there are the Olympic games. To be sure they come but once every four years, yet because of their importance they attract large and representative bodies of sportsmen and sportswomen from every nation of importance in the world. Already American athletic bodies, for example, have sent officials to Amsterdam to prepare accommodations for American athletes in the Olympic Games of 1928. Men and women; runners and jumpers, weight throwers and hurdlers, discus and javelin experts, tennis players and oarsmen; these are just a few of the hundreds sent by every sporting nation in the world to these great games. So much for track and field sports.

Golf is played now pretty much all over the globe. Each year the Walker Cup competition, a match between teams of men from Great Britain and America, is played, first in one country and then in the other. American

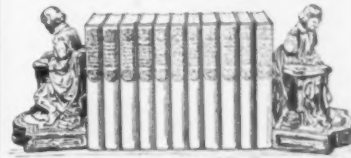
golfing stars play annually in the British Open and Amateur Championships, English golfers in turn play in the United States. Meanwhile golf is being popularized in Germany and France. A British professional was engaged recently for the large Wandsee Club outside Berlin, and it was left for a nineteen-year-old French girl, Made-moiselle Simone Thion de la Chaume to defeat Miss Cecil Leitch of England in the woman's golf championships. Golf today is the greatest universal language of sport.

Tennis is played even more widely. The Davis Cup, the bowl given twenty-five years ago for international competition by Dwight F. Davis, now Secretary of War of the United States under President Coolidge, has been aptly called the "Melting Pot of the Sport World." And so indeed it is, for this year twenty-four nations entered teams; nations as far apart as South Africa and Denmark, as Austria and Cuba. The Davis Cup competition started in 1900 with two entrants: England and the United States. Today you can find a Davis Cup team in almost every nation of Europe, and in North and South America. Each spring a draw is made, each year nations play one another, until the winner of the European nations challenges the winner of the American zone for the right to play the holder of the Cup. To say that tennis is an international game is to be trite; you can play in Japan or in India, in Norway or the Argentine, and you need never know a word of Japanese, of Indian, of Norwegian, of Spanish, or of English. And in the same way the teams of these different countries play before galleries of other nations and are assured of a warm and cordial reception because of this sporting tie which binds them together.

In Europe football teams play from Rome to Glasgow; every nation so it seems sends an eleven touring once a year; and last spring a soccer team from Vienna toured the United States and were received with much enthusiasm. Polo is played in South America as it is in Europe, in America and in India; one of the best fancy skaters in the world is Senorita de Alvarez who represented her country in the last Olympic Games, and is also tennis champion of Spain.

Now while you may have visualized the vast amount of good will and benefit that is obtained from all this international competition, from the fact that spectators in France or Italy obtain a new idea of Englishmen or of Germans through watching their football teams

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in action, have you ever considered the actual benefit to the competitors themselves. At present there is such a great deal of international sport that huge numbers of athletes from every nation are getting vivid first-hand impressions of other countries and other peoples through sporting contacts upon the playing fields of the world.

**Y**OU cannot hate a square-shooter against whom you have played golf or football. You cannot dislike the true sportsman of any nationality. And so these athletes come home; they return with new, keen impressions of human beings like themselves, seen close-up, of athletes as staunch and as straightforward as any in their own country. And when some politician begins to spout worthy nothings about the terrible people of Botzgorovia, the sportsmen and sportswomen who have competed with the Botzgorovians are able to take issue with those statements. They know better. Statesmen make wars. Sportsmen heal wounds. Statesmen keep nations apart with speeches. Sportsmen bring nations together with twenty-foot putts. Statesmen talk and cause peoples to furiously rage. Sportsmen play ball and shake hands when the game is over!

Let us suppose, nor is it some impossible ideal, that international diplomacy was conducted along the lines of international sport. In a great international tennis match, Lacoste of France is playing Tilden of the United States for the possession of the Davis Cup. The Cup hangs in the balance, because the

match hangs in the balance. The issue is keen and hard fought, the result in doubt, and then at a crucial moment a ball strikes close to the line. The chalk flies. Was it good? The linesman says no. The chalk flew, but the ball nevertheless was over the line. Perhaps this was the all-important, the decisive point. Yet the decision is made. There is no protest, there is no questioning, there is no attempt to upset the ruling of the final authority. Is it leaning too much upon the force of good sportsmanship and the example that it sets to the world of business and of diplomacy to hope that this sort of thing which happens every day in international sport will guide the relations of industry and commerce? Is it asking the impossible to wish that this sense of duty and right and fairness should spread to political relationships between nations? Is it looking too far into the distant future to think that when the generation that is now playing the games and representing the countries of the world upon the field and track come to the helm, when they take over the power that is theirs by right, that perhaps another and a broader outlook upon international relationships will spread throughout the world? Certainly no one has put it quite so strongly as Mr. John Galsworthy, the English author. He says:

"Until the politics of Europe are conducted along the lines of modern sport there can be no hope for a better understanding between nations or for peace in the world today."

## Toolmakers of a Bygone Age

(Continued from page 30)

this he was able to secure more shapely tools than would have been the case otherwise. Thus he was far sighted enough to look ahead and plan for better implements.

The Mousterian made a great advance in the art of tool-making and though his race has been long extinct, the form of his knives, his awls, and scraping implements, is retained, in large measure, in the similar tools we are using today. Though he has passed utterly from the earth, yet his works—his inventions—live after him and help to shape our civilization.

With the passing of the cave man we enter upon a new phase of the old stone age, namely the Upper-Palaeolithic period. A new and much superior race enters upon the scene with

much more versatility and acumen than their predecessors had shown. It is known as the Cro-Magnon race. It is very far from being a definite or a unified group, for it contains diverse elements physically, and its culture varies. The earliest of this race are called the Aurignacians. Compared to Neanderthal man the Aurignacian is a great improvement both mentally and physically and he introduces a better stone technique than had been known before. He also uses bone, horn, and teeth more largely than had those who preceded him. He is fond of ornamentation, for which he uses shell, ivory, and bone.

He is the first bead-maker of whom we have record, for he was the first man who was able to make the small flint drills employed in piercing the fine

heads he manufactured. He was in his way an artist, though not comparable in this respect to the later Magdalenians, but he loved symmetry and shapeliness and he was willing to give much attention to the securing of these desirable qualities in everything that he made. He was pre-eminently a maker of long, thin, narrow, blade-like flakes and his skill in producing these tools has seldom, if ever, been excelled.

He made quite a wide variety of tools, but they are chiefly scrapers, drills, burin, for engraving on stone and bone, awls, spoke-shaves, knives, etc. In the making of flint tools he had learned the art of fine retouching, the throwing off of delicate chips, and thus he was enabled to make better and truer tools. As a material for weapons and piercing implements he preferred to use bone, and made spear-heads, awls, dart-throwers of it.

Untoward as were the surroundings of the Cro-Magnons, for it will be remembered that they lived during the Ice Age in an adverse climate, with cold and dreary landscapes, nothing could daunt the artistic impulses of this race nor the desire to create worthy forms, even in their tools. They were surrounded by innumerable game animals, which furnished them with materials for food, clothing, and utensils. From the mammoth they obtained their treasured ivory, from the reindeer bone and antlers, from the large Bos Primitivus bones for anvils and coarse uses. There was no lack of material and as for artistic endeavor no lack of models in the animal world about them.

THE culture of the Aurignacian is replaced gradually by that of a somewhat different type. Apparently a new group of men are coming in, who know not the Aurignacian. These newer peoples seem to be much the same as their predecessors, mentally and physically and in quite a degree their tools and their arts are similar, but they employ bone to a less degree, though they are skilled in its use, and they utilize stone on a much larger scale. These newcomers are known as Solutreans and their claim to our attention lies primarily in their skill as flint workers.

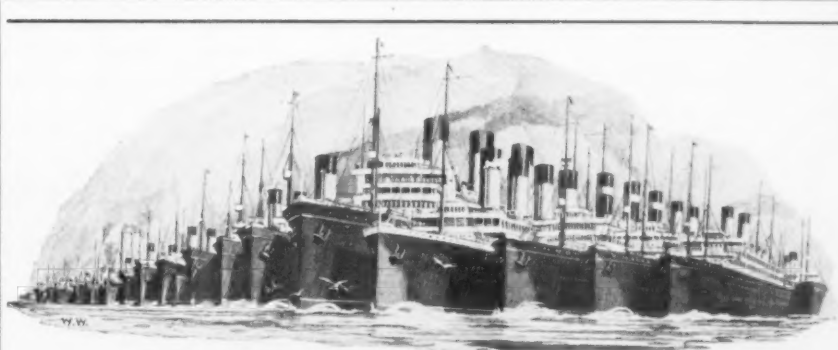
They make unexcelled spear-heads, called from their shape the laurel leaf, the willow leaf, and the crane-bill points. Their technique is of the highest, as they are able to throw off long narrow chips the width of the spear head and this permits them to introduce a very thin, sharp, and symmetrical type of implement. As the first really high-grade flint chippers, they pioneer the way in this art for those splendid flint artists of the Neolithic. The Solutreans apparently displace the Aurignacians, causing them to migrate southward into the Pyrenees, possibly,

where they disappear from our ken. These Solutreans were doubtless hunters and depended largely on the great herds of wild horses that roamed through central Europe at that time. They did not occupy the land for a long period and they finally disappear, probably because they followed these herds as they moved northeastward in the wake of the retreating glacier.

In their stead appears another group—the Magdalenian people, who in many respects are similar to the Aurignacians and it may prove to be that they are descendants of the earlier people. With their arrival there comes a decreased

use of stone and a much larger use of bone and antler. The Magdalenians have been called the Palaeolithic Greeks because of their fine physical form and also because of their outstanding artistic ability. Their art expresses itself in various forms: sculpture, engraving, drawing, and painting.

Their tools are largely for the purpose of carrying out their artistic ideas. Such are the gravers or burin, the scrapers, and other utensils that were needed to produce their designs. For such weapons as they have they seem to rely upon bone quite largely, because this was more easily worked and be-



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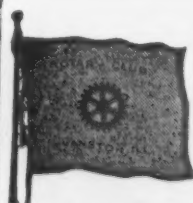
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cause it lent itself more readily to carving and engraving than stone. They loved ornamentation, even on their more common tools, and there is decided grace and beauty in much of their work even on common utensils. They bring the needle into prominence, which indicates an advance in the manufacture of clothing. These needles have eyes and are shapely and serviceable tools. It was in that age that women's sewing societies began and consequently they have an ancient and honorable history.

There is an apparent lack of weapons among these people. This indicates a peaceful state of society, one given to artistic endeavor rather than to war, one that delighted to spend time in delicate fashioning of utensils rather than in making strong and serviceable

means of defense. They lacked the more reliable flint spear-head, which is replaced by beautiful, and fanciful but inadequate, bone spears and harpoons.

The Magdalenians were thus more or less defenseless and when new and better armed people began to press into their territory from the eastward, they were no match for them. Their gentle, artistic life was of no avail in the face of brute aggression and warrior skill. The Magdalenians were driven out. Those who survived moved southward into the Pyrenees, where they seemed to hold out for a time, though their culture gradually degenerates into the so-called Azilean. Their own particular arts gradually disappear and with their passing there comes to an end the old stone age.

## The Meanest Man

(Continued from page 22)

you, and will you please get us the medicine?"

The Meanest Man looked down, and was touched. He thrust a handful of silver coins into the child's eager grasp and asked for her address—and like a flash she was gone.

"In God's name, what do they all mean," cried out the Meanest Man. "Smiles? happiness? when have I smiled? what have I to be happy about? and yet—maybe I haven't as many enemies as I thought and if they call me the Meanest Man, very likely I deserve it."

And so perturbed and upset was the Meanest Man that he decided not to go to his office and, instead, he walked back over the route that had brought him such a strange series of adventures.

Along the way, winter birds sang anthems in the trees; carts laden with mistletoe and holly, lumbered by; eager faces stood out from the throng and nearly every passer-by had tucked under his arm a mysterious package that would mean, to someone, Christmas joy on the morrow.

And the Meanest Man had a thing happen to him—almost as swiftly as came the light which struck down Saul of Tarsus.

As he reached the church, the parson was still standing by the door.

"We meet again, parson," said the Meanest Man, "and let me return, ten-fold, your Christmas Greetings of a half-hour since. 'I've thought over what you said about making others happy. I doubt if I really know how, myself, but I want you to see that it is done and, if you need more money than this, just let me know.'"

"God bless you, Sir," replied the parson, as he took into his hands the roll of crisp banknotes.

Then the Meanest Man sent a lot of toys to the house of the little girl; then dropped in at a neighbor's veranda for a few moments' chat—a thing which they couldn't understand; but when he left, Mrs. Neighbor said:

"I don't see why folks call him mean—I think he's real nice."

After he left, the Meanest Man stroked a dog on the head, bounced a child in the air and went home, happier than he had ever felt over a mortgage foreclosure in all his life.

After supper, the Meanest Man called in his physician and said:

"Doc, a strange thing happened today; everywhere I went, people have said that I was smiling, yet I wasn't the least bit conscious of it. You're a bit of a psychologist—could I smile without knowing it?"

"You haven't been smiling," explained the medical man; "when I put that tiny strip of courtplaster across your wound, it just drew up the corners of your mouth a little and gave your lips the appearance of a smile. I noticed it at the time. But why do you ask? Did somebody try to take advantage of you?"

But the Meanest Man was going out the door.

"Wait, where are you going?" called the physician.

"I don't know," said the Meanest Man, "but I've got to find a boy who lost a soccer ball, and when I do, I'm going to give that kid the best Christmas he ever saw."



## Just Men

NO labor truly done is menial in the sight of Heaven. He that fills honestly the place for which he is fitted is no man's inferior. We cannot all be great in the sense of the world's meaning, and in justness many of us are much greater than credited by the general public. In the mechanism of God's world there are no useless or unworthy parts. Each in its place is a master. We are taught there is room at the top. Too much top makes anything top heavy. There must be a solid foundation to build to top from. The law of averages admits the climber to his station. We are as near Heaven at the foot of the mountain as at the summit, and the flowers are as sweet. And let us not forget that there is no summit however lofty, that does not rest on the great sea level. Whosoever, therefore, gains the mountain top of material greatness owes it to those who stand beneath.

A Washington, a Lincoln, is not someone apart; he is brother to us all. The world's big men are but the concrete expressions of our collective thoughts and energies. No fellow-being is so far unrelated to us but that when he reaches the top, so do you and I.

—MAC.

## Talking It Over

(Continued from page 26)

Some phases of Rotary as a movement should prove interesting:

Rotary is an organized movement, which means merely that its movements are controlled and directed as distinguished from mere drifting. Movement in Rotary and its corollary growth has three zones or phases:

First: The local club where the major effort is centered in the projecting of the Rotary idea into every phase of the local community life. This is the work of individual Rotarians.

Second: The district where the movement enters into a broader phase and where no longer the individual Rotarian but the representative of his club is the projecting unit. The district movement brings into action the cosmopolitan idea and tends to bring out somewhat broader elements of Rotary—those things that all men have more in common. Some of the dross of local environment is thus cast off and the gold of national interest remains. This gold is still impure, having its nationalistic prejudices.

Third: The broad international zone where more dross is consumed and where only the pure metal freed from nationalistic prejudices can pass as usable coin.

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the local weekly meetings, the district conferences, and the international conventions have so far passed the experimental state as to have settled the question whether Rotary has within itself gold or coin capable of international exchange.

What we are concerned with is not the fact of, but the rate of growth.

**T**HE success of International Rotary must depend in the last analysis upon the success of individuals in their relation to each other. Frequency and extent of contact determine directly the rate of growth.

Man is a social animal and, while primarily egotistic, he seeks contact with his fellows. A Caucasian may be proud of his white skin and a Zulu of his shiny black skin, but it is evident that in such a social contact something besides the color of the skin must form the basis of common interest.

Just so, each Rotarian is proud of some aspect of his particular profession that makes that profession different from that of his fellow-member, but it is not differences but the broader underlying resemblances in each profession that he must examine for the grain of common social interest. In general, man has more resemblances than differences, and furthermore, the differences are relatively less important. Frequency of contact tends to bring out the constructive common interests and tends to abolish differences.

Expressed in terms of movement, frequency and extent of movement among individuals determines the rate of social growth. A Rotary club in its weekly meetings has frequency of con-

tact and a new member soon determines whether or not Rotary holds for him something of value in his life as a local citizen. If, however, he limits his extent of movement to his local club his growth as a Rotarian is limited. Anything, then, that increases the extent of movement of the local club helps growth.

The rural-urban acquaintance movement is one of these and it is feasible for large numbers to thus increase extent of movement and a gain in Rotary growth.

The district conference and international conventions must necessarily be infrequent and involve limited numbers.

The rural-urban acquaintance movement can be more frequent and involve much greater numbers.

Inter-club activities, where clubs are located within reasonable distances of each other, are most helpful. These can be easily arranged by a delegation of considerable size visiting a neighboring club, furnishing the speaker and thus cementing the clubs into a more compact district.

I believe that many sections can, without undue trouble or expense, hold from four to ten such meetings a year without changing the Rotary programs for the year. From ten to twenty persons can conveniently go on such trips and form sufficient representation to form an atmosphere typical of the visiting club. This would tend to make unity and breadth of understanding among local clubs.

It would help Rotary as a movement in the district, increase the strength of the district, and in a real sense aid Rotary International.

## The Gypsy Look

(Continued from page 13)

"Skim milk—and some scraps of food left over from the hired-men's breakfast."

He spoke sharply.

"Why did you do that?"

"They were hungry."

"If they're hungry why don't they work, instead of begging from honest folks who do? Elsa, I don't like it one bit, your giving anything to them."

"It wasn't much, Martin. Skim milk. The pigs have more than enough of it. Left-over food."

"That doesn't matter. It isn't the food I mind; it's the idea. Here we are, you and I, working our fingers to the bone, day in and day out, to build up this farm, to save money, to be decent, respectable people, and along come a lot of wandering, ragged loafers and expect us to feed them. It isn't fair. I won't have it."

"I'm sorry, Martin. It's too late now. I didn't see any harm in it. Skim milk. Left-over food."

"I tell you it isn't the food I care about. I'm sick of this business of the soft people of the world leaning on the hard. It's you women that encourage them, too. There wouldn't be ne'er-do-wells wandering about, if it weren't for the easy marks."

"They looked like harmless creatures."

"Harmless. Idle people are never harmless. Which way did they go?"

Elsa pointed.

"Toward the wood lot?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Elsa?"

"What?"

"Did you say they could camp there?"

Slowly she nodded.

"You know I don't want scum like that hanging around here," Martin said.

"They'll go tomorrow, they said."

"I don't want them on my land, not a minute."

"Why? What harm—"

"Why? Why? Why?" he burst out. "What harm would it do? No harm to the property—maybe. But I just won't encourage shiftlessness. I hate gypsies and tramps."

"Why?"

"Stop asking me, 'Why?' I hate them, that's all."

"Martin, where are you going?"

"To tell them to move on."

"Must you do that?"

"Else, what's got into you? First you feed them. Then you invite them to settle on our land."

"I didn't invite them. They asked. Just for a night."

"You'd no right to let them."

She sighed.

"They'll not hurt anything," she said. "They must rest somewhere."

"Rest? What should tire them? Do they work? No, we're the ones that work; they have the fun. Well, they're not going to camp on my land."

He got up and stamped out, his lunch half-finished.

Martin Draycott did not see his wife again until supper-time.

"Well, I settled them," he said.

"Oh, Martin, what did you do?"

"I went down to the wood-lot. There they were, acting as if they owned the place. Getting ready to pitch camp. A dirty lot—three or four women, some kids, a couple of able-bodied men, one old fellow, smoking, talking, laughing, under my trees. I went right up to the old fellow.

"Get along out of here," I said.

"He was a cool customer, that old gypsy. He looked at me, and said, 'But the lady said we could stay here.'"

"And I say you'd better move on." I said to him, and do you know what he had the nerve to say to me, Else?"

"What, Martin?"

"He said, 'Why?' I got hot under the collar. 'I don't have to give reasons why I want a lot of vagabonds to get off my land,' I said. 'So beat it.' He looked at me in a funny way. 'So this is your land,' he said. 'Yes,' I said, 'earned and paid for.' 'And that is your barn—that big red one—and that is your house—that little paintless shack?' 'Yes,' I said, 'what of it?' 'You own them,' he said. 'You have lived here always. You will live here always.' 'Pack up,' I said, 'I can't waste time jawing with you.' Well, he said some gibberish to the

others, and they packed up without any more argument. And then he did a queer thing."

"What?"

"When the old fellow was off my land, he turned and looked at me, just looked at me, Else, and he wasn't mad. He was smiling a little. And he looked at me, just as if I was some strange animal in a cage, and he said, 'Poor fellow.' Just like that. 'Poor fellow.' It made me think of the way—"

He broke off shortly.

"Else," he said. "Else, for God's sake, stop looking at me—"

MARTIN DRAYCOTT usually went to bed as soon after supper as he could. But not to-night. His big frame was sprawled in a chair in the plain dining room. A lighted lamp stood on the bare table. He sat there, not moving; but he was not asleep. His eyes were open. They were staring straight ahead. He was almost like a dead man, sitting there in the old rocker, a dead man struck lifeless in the midst of a bewildered moment.

She had gone. Elsa had gone. That morning when he woke she was not lying beside him. He thought she had gone down-stairs to get breakfast ready. He called to her but she did not answer. He went down to the kitchen. She was not there. He went out to the barn, calling her name. No reply came. He walked through the orchard. She was not there. Nor at the chicken house. He waited. She did not come. He waited, angrily. She did not come. He would not believe she had gone, he could not believe it, till he came back to the house and saw that her only good shoes, the ones she wore some Sundays, were gone. Even then he clutched at the hope that he was wrong, that she was somewhere about the farm. If the great, solid barn had vanished in the night, he could not have been more perplexed. Gradually he realized that Elsa really had gone. He set to work, feverishly, forcing himself. At supper-time she had not returned. He did not eat any supper. He sat down by the table, with its red cloth, and waited. First, Tom. Now, Elsa. He cursed the ticking clock. Dusk fell. Through the window he could see the barn, not red now, but black and formless. Tom, first. Now Elsa. The hours of the night crept by. He sat there. He heard the dim puffing of a distant train, winding its way up the valley. Tom, first. Now, Elsa.

He heard the soft sound of the front-door being carefully opened. He heard steps. He did not turn.

"Martin."

Her voice was low, frightened. He looked. It was as if he were looking

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at a stranger. A stranger she seemed. A new hat. A gay new hat. A new dress. Silk. A stranger.

"I couldn't stay away, Martin." Her voice faltered. He stared at her. She stood in the door-way, as if she did not dare come further. Her face was white, strained, afraid.

"I was in New York. I used my egg money—" She did not come near him. She was like a wild creature at bay.

Martin slowly got up from his chair and crossed to where she stood.

"Elsa," he said, "let's have some supper. You must be hungry."

That was all.

Her eyes were wide.

"But I went away. I let the work go. I went to New York. I spent money. I bought things—things I didn't really need."

Awkwardly he put a hand, roughened by work, on her shoulder, on her new dress.

"It's a pretty dress," he said. "It makes you look younger. You must have some more—"

"Martin—your hand—it's red—"

"Been painting all day," he said.

"But you'd finished the barn."

"Damn the barn," he said. "I've been painting the house. We're going to have the finest house in the state, you and I."

## "What Shall I Read?"

(Continued from page 31)

tor of the Mount Wilson Observatory and with the great Yerkes telescope. Every subject treated is illustrated. Here is the summary of our knowledge of our own earth's formation and history, and of the state of its interior; of the method of determining the velocity of light waves, the structure of atoms and molecules, the experimental methods employed in tracing the activity of electrons, the release of chemical and electrical energy for mechanical service, and much more information which the layman can follow with absorbing interest. Two-thirds of this timely volume is properly given over to the consideration of the most wonderful subject we have to deal with, life and its phenomena. What is known of the realm of bacteria, of plant life and its reaction to environment, the evolution of animal life and the coming of man, the known facts of heredity, and of the living process and its maintenance—all this is presented in a form for intelligent public consumption. Dr. Judd caps the volume with a clearly written account of human civilization from the processes of mind-consciousness to the complicated experience of acquiring intelligence and the invention and use of tools and numbers as steps in the story of the mind's progress through the ages. The business and professional man will find this a good book for his winter's reading. He will emerge with a clearer thought, with fewer prejudices, and an open-mindedness for a larger life and its bearings.

A good book with which to follow some genuinely serious reading is Will James's "Smoky" (Charles Scribner's Sons). It is one of the latest and best horse stories we have, with good whole-

some laughs and an interest that gathers momentum to the end. The reader will have to adjust himself to James's venacular; he is a cowboy who is untrained in the technique of spelling and grammar, but nature bestowed upon him the gift of story-telling. "Smoky" is the story of a real horse, recovered from the wild-life of the range, captured and schooled by Clint, the 150-pound cowboy, and responsive to no other master. Smoky was stolen by a half-breed, whom he killed; then he became famous far and wide among the masters of the rodeo as an outlaw horse, "killing and disfiguring every man that gave him a chance." He ends up a broken-down "critter" accidentally rediscovered by Clint and recovered after years of separation. Would he ever remember and love his old master whose approach formerly was greeted by the bucking bronco's affectionate nicker? Good treatment and fattening food bring about Smoky's restoration of both body and mind. One morning he gives Clint the recognition of the old-time salutation. This is the best of James's three books; it is an interesting addition to our native literature of the range, which seems to increase in quality and popularity.

\* \* \*

For four centuries Mexico has been on the map. Most of that time it has been in the limelight. The roots of the present controversy between church and state in that republic run back a great many years. No one can build up a satisfactory judgment of this Mexican controversy without reading carefully the history of Mexico, at least from the time of the Inquisition. There has been an interesting succession of books on Mexico since Prescott's history. The latest I have read is Bank's

"The Story of Mexico" (Frederick A. Stokes Company), a single-volume treatment of Mexico from the romantic days of the Spanish capture of the Indian emperor Montezuma to Calles, the present executive. The book contains a clear outline of the various revolutionary struggles by which Mexico obtained its independence of Spain, became a republic, and produced its two important constitutions of 1857 and 1917, by which its ruling classes have endeavored to effect a complete separation of church and state. This book is clearly and interestingly written and admirably combines the romantic features of early Mexican history with an authoritative outline of constitutional and economic development.

MANUFACTURERS especially will find stimulating and thoughtful reading in Hugh Farrell's "What Price Progress?" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), a book that is endorsed by the Chemical Foundation of America, and written to call attention to the relation (a much-neglected one) between that large army of investors in stocks and bonds, whom last month I referred to as our Fifth Estate, and the attitude of the corporations whose securities they buy toward chemical research. The author thinks that many manufacturers are neglecting their obligation to the purchasers of their securities by not maintaining adequate laboratories for research into new methods; that as a consequence sudden changes in methods and products may result in loss to these corporations, and by the same token bring loss to their security holders. The book, outside of this feature of its purpose, gives a good summary of laboratory achievements, such as the increased efficiency of gasoline by means of the cracking process, and of the progress in developing alloys to prevent waste in iron and steel products from rust. It comments upon mass production, and upon the possibility of casting automobiles, whole, from aluminum, much as car-fronts are now cast in dies. I have found this book full of stimulating ideas and with a good deal of scientific information.

I want to commend to business men, and to anyone poorly equipped in such facilities, William Dana Orcutt's "The Desk Reference Book" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). In addition to a very full and authoritative treatment of technical matters in English that come up in the business and publishing offices, the book is a ready reference on a dozen other subjects important to know about, as the use of numerals, the details of diction, making of indexes, up-to-date foreign-money tables, and a good deal of the mathematics of business.



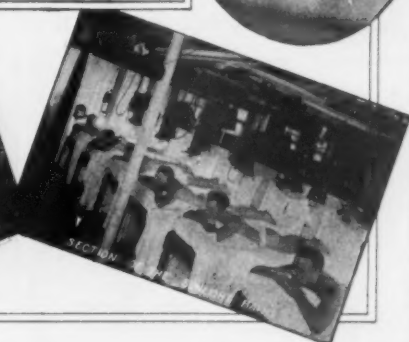
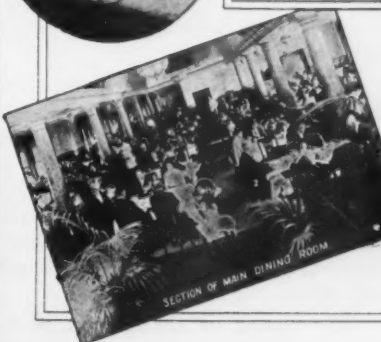
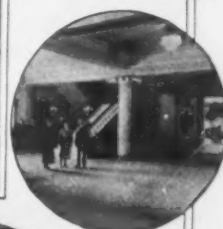
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**What Is Rotary Education?**

(Continued from page 17)

ual problem. The assimilation of Rotary ideals, like any other good and lasting thing, is an individual phenomenon.

A maxim as old as Christian history is, that "man cannot be made better by rule or command, but by the slow, gradual unconscious, but willing change of thought, and consequent change in conduct and custom."

Rotary of the present day is largely affected by men who have never grasped anything of Rotary beyond the mass attitude of Rotary clubs. They have a fully developed group-mind, and, as a result, they believe that having membership in a Rotary club, they are, somehow or other, regarded as leaders in the community, and, consequently feel that they are in the vanguard of social and moral progress.

Some clubs are conducted on the theory that in some mysterious manner, regardless of the form or substance of the program being carried on, they are going to succeed.

How are we to accomplish a change of thought and consequent change in conduct?

By constantly expanding the ideal of the Golden Rule through a practical program of human service; but, to do so, the ideals that we profess must be deep-seated in individual consciousness of right and wrong.

The Golden Rule, as we often refer to it, is so common-place in the minds of men that it means little or nothing; we are, as a rule, satisfied to have it proclaimed by some group of which we are a part, and so we revert to the phenomenon of mass morality, which is ineffective in a program toward great objectives.

Why should we not continue to challenge in a more practical way than heretofore, the individual member of the club for his personal neglect in the discharge of responsibilities of ordinary, every-day citizenship in the neighborhood where he carries on his business? He is the one who makes the environment in his community.

The Sixth Object is as high a hope as any man can strive for. It is tantamount to the salvation of the world. But Rotary, numerically, is so insignificant, as compared to the world, that it seems almost impossible that its program can be carried out. Nevertheless, nothing is altogether impossible to strong desire and unabated courage.

The apparent unconquerable bigness of Rotary's task may be visualized in a few facts. The population of the

world is one and three-quarters billions; that of the United States, seven per cent of the world; and, Rotary, one-tenth of one per cent of the United States. There are in the entire world fourteen thousand people for every Rotarian. Numerically, Rotary is tremendously insignificant; potentially, it is strong. Then, upon what do we base our hope for the accomplishment of the Sixth Object of Rotary? Is it not in the broad spiritual education of the individual in Rotary, coupled with the inescapable duty of extending his good will, friendship, and confidence to all classes of people?

Is that thing possible? Perhaps it is. Let me ask: Are you one who hates foreigners? Do your religious views compel you to antagonize Catholics and Jews? If so, how can you carry good will to your fourteen thousand mixed peoples of the world?

What is your point of view? What is your desire for other generations and other races?

It is not surprising that we are more or less indifferent to the international aspects of Rotary, when, in the United States, this great land of liberty and equality, it is possible to organize thousands upon thousands of business and professional men, as well as others, under a banner of race hatred and religious prejudice. As long as Rotary permits such hatred and prejudices to be promulgated within its ranks, just so long will it permit the existence of an influence in Rotary antagonistic to its fundamental purposes.

Thousands of Rotarians have not and never will view the coast of either side of this continent of North America; many, though willing, are puzzled to know just how they may do some tangible thing that will help to bring Peace and Good Will to the peoples of the world, and in this longing, forget that their lives will never touch, directly, any others, outside of the one little neighborhood in which their homes and businesses are attached.

External morality—just being like the other fellow—will never improve the race to any extent.

"Peace and Good Will" is a noble desire. It is the high purpose of Rotary. It is a cry centuries older than the organization to which Rotarians belong; and, if Christianity in two thousand years has not established Peace and Good Will, then Rotary will fall short of its goal for the same reason, namely, resting upon the platitudes of the masses, and the selfish pursuits of the individual. Neverthe-



less, this need not be the case if we have courage to get away from the mere beginnings of Rotary. The mechanics are not the all important thing. The dynamic forces latent within the life and business activities of the individual must be vitalized and inspired to greater efforts, and it is possible in Rotary to do this.

How, then, are we to make sure of the great possibilities that are ours? Let me suggest that we educate beyond the A B C of Rotary; take Rotary as an individual instead of a group or club problem.

The future of Rotary will depend upon the aim the individual has in mind for humanity, and we, as individual Rotarians, must learn to comprehend the great masses of humanity, with whom and in whose breasts reside the fundamental qualities of citizenship capable of being vitalized by the program we carry to them.

Rotarians, study humanity and its intricate relationships, in order that we may, as individuals, find the divine spark that inspires action.

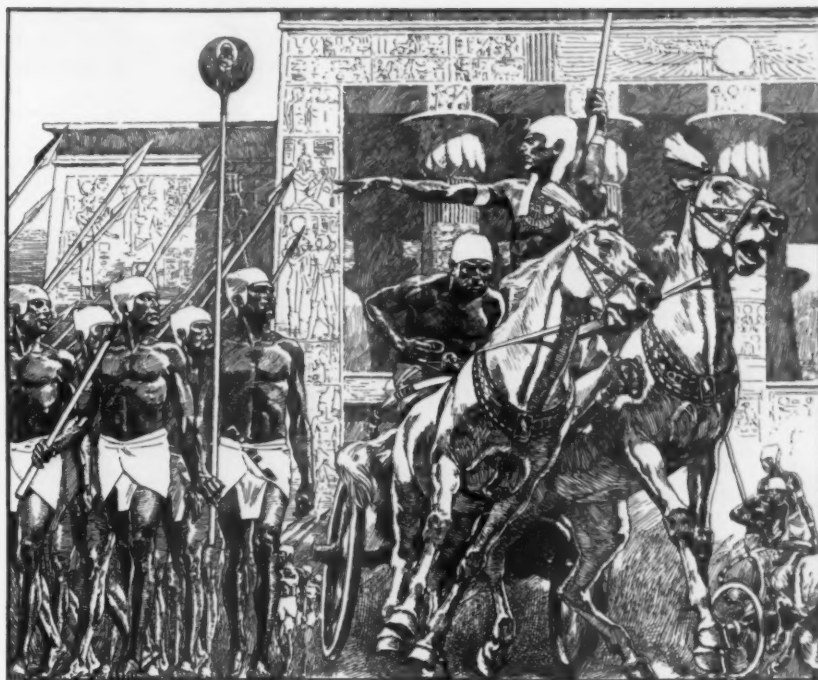
Let us compare ourselves with the traditions of the iceberg, nine-tenths of which is beneath the surface and only one-tenth subject to current winds, it doesn't go in the direction of surface winds, but is directed in its course by the deep undercurrents that carry it across and into the heads of the ocean breezes.

We are not so much concerned with the surface currents, nor with external morality in Rotary, as we are with the deep undercurrents of human nature and human thought and the possibility of having those currents carry us in the right direction.

The Rotary ship put out to sea in February, 1905. It is still sailing. No one knows when it will land, but it is upon its course. It will land some day with its great reward to humanity, in charge of men to whom the ideals of Rotary are a serious personal matter and who, notwithstanding the many contented passengers just taking Rotary as it comes, will carry on.

As the ideals that we carry in our hearts are more deadly to the enemy than any man-made weapon, so they are more powerful for good than any external program that can be written.

We must reach out, far beyond the possibilities of a written program; spell out the trend of human affairs; read the courses of the deep currents of human nature, that we may, in all practical activities, harness to their forces our best ideals. And, withal, some future generation may be able to say that the Peace and Good Will they enjoy was in some measure brought about by the activities of Rotary International.



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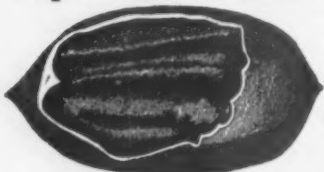
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# Just Among Ourselves—

—And Who's Who in This Number

MANY and varied have been the comments that the October issue (Ostend number) brought forth from interested readers. After reading some of the letters and printed comments, one naturally concludes that the coming Convention at Ostend is a subject very much to the front in practically every Rotary club. Letters were received from thirteen states (U. S.), from Canada, Belgium, and other countries. There were two or three requests to reprint material.



Miles H. Krumbine, author of  
"Frank Slutz—A Great Schoolmaster"

From a long article in "Le Journal de la Cote," Ostend, we quote the following: "The October number of THE ROTARIAN is, in truth, splendid. It constitutes admirable publicity for Belgium, and especially for Ostend. In the name of our city, we express our gratitude to Rotary International."

Other equally favorable comments appeared in "Le Carillon" and "L'Ecole d'Ostende." Several of the articles were reprinted in full in Ostend papers.

## Who's Who in This Number

Douglas Malloch, who contributes the poem for the frontispiece page, has five books of verse to his credit and his daily "Lyrics of Life" appear in many newspapers. He was born in Muskegon, Michigan, and now lives in Chicago.

Harry Rogers, of San Antonio, Texas, president of Rotary International, following the precedent set by other Rotary presidents, contributes the leading editorial for the Christmas number. It seems particularly appropriate that Rotarians all over the world should have a message from their leader at this time.

Miles H. Krumbine who describes the work of Frank Slutz, schoolmaster extraordinary, is the pastor of the Parkside Lutheran Church of Buffalo, N. Y., and a member of the Buffalo Rotary Club. He has reviewed many books for this magazine and has written one or two of his own.

Harold R. Peat, who served with the First Contingent of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, has lectured and written a good deal since he partially recovered from the effects of his service.

Arthur E. Hobbs is an advertising man of Springfield, Massachusetts. The article this month is his second contribution to THE ROTARIAN. Many readers will remember his first article, "Is There Anything Wrong With Rotary." This month in "Let the Next Generation Be My Client" he expresses his views on Junior Achievement Work and incidentally reviews one of the major activities of the Rotary Club of Springfield.

George L. Collie, Ph.D., is on the faculty of Beloit College, Wisconsin, and is Curator of the Logan Museum there. Among other things he has travelled round the world in search of

geological information and served overseas with the Y. M. C. A.

C. D. Garretson is chairman of the Business Methods Committee of Rotary International and a former district governor.

L. E. Robinson, A. M., studied at American, German, and English universities; helped to edit the Springfield Republican; is a member of the faculty of Monmouth College; has written books on Illinois history and on Lincoln.

Charles St. John this month adds one more to his list of "people I have written up." Our staff writer is himself listed among those who receive the 2,500 birthday cards he mentions, and under his own name is likewise listed in journalistic, college, and army records.

Pirie MacDonald, president of the Rotary Club of New York, classifies himself as a "photographer of men." He is a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society; member, Honorary Chamber Syndical Francaise de la Photographie; Officer d'Academie; Order of the Palm, first class; member of the Council London Salon of Photography; and an honorary member of the Photographers' Association of America.

"What Price Sport?" was contributed by a tennis and golf expert; official observer at Olympic games; a special correspondent and sporting editor who probably witnesses more international match games than any other one man.

Albert Falkenhainer, of Algona, Iowa, is a member of the convention committee of Rotary International. He has recently returned from Ostend, Belgium, where he has been investigating hotel facilities for convention guests. He is chairman of the hotel committee, the official "goat" of all conventions.

Leonard T. Skeggs, of Youngstown, Ohio, is chairman of the Classifications Committee of Rotary International. As a district governor he furthered the organization of twenty-six new clubs, and compiled an alphabetical list of speakers in his district.

Thomas R. Jones is vice-president of the Call's Bankers Service Corporation, of Savannah.



Richard Connell, author of  
"The Gypsy Look"

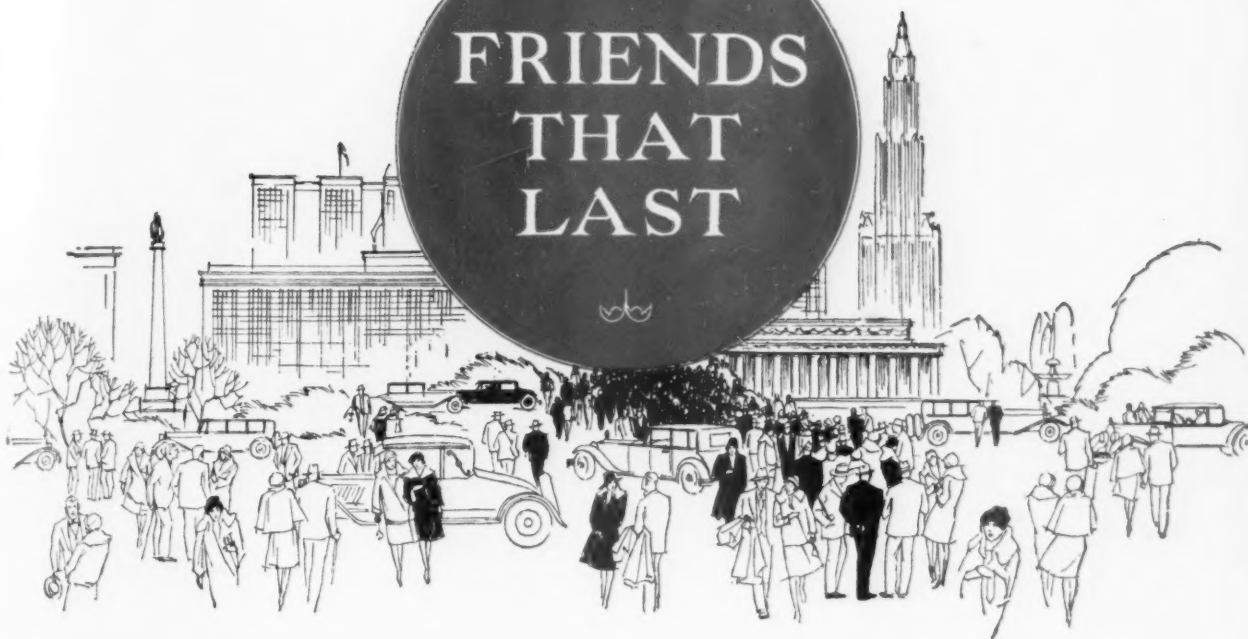
Georgia, and a member of the Savannah Rotary Club.

Albert Faulconer, of Kansas City, Kansas, is a lawyer and a past district governor of Rotary. He tells you what Rotary education means to him.

Richard Connell is a well known writer now living at Greens Farms, Connecticut. His environment affords fine opportunities for the study of such types as he describes in "The Gypsy Look."

Tim Thrift, who describes the tragedy of a forgotten child, is an advertising manager of Elmira, New York.

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